COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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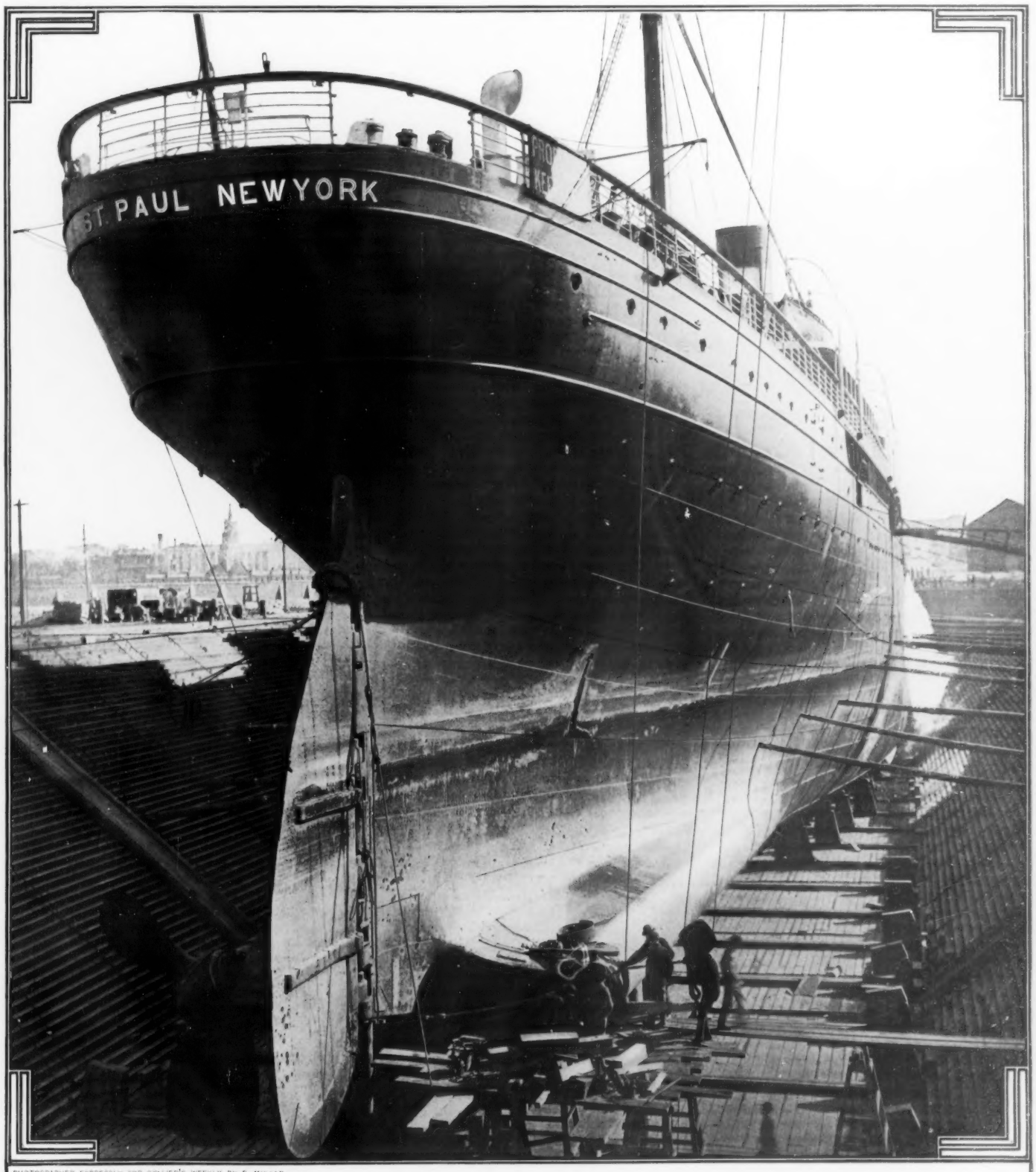
VOL TWENTY-SIX NO 9 NEW YORK DECEMBER 1 1900 PRICE TEN CENTS



PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY E. MULLER

THE NAVY HELPS A MAIL STEAMER

THE STEAMSHIP "ST. PAUL," WHICH LOST HER STARBOARD PROPELLER IN MID-OCEAN ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 31, AS SHE APPEARED WHEN DRY-DOCKED AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, BY PERMISSION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. MACHINISTS CLOSED THE WRECKED SHAFT SLEEVE SO THAT THE STEAMER COULD SAFELY REACH HER BUILDERS IN PHILADELPHIA—(SEE PAGE 30)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY
EDITORIAL PAGE
P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

EDITORIAL and GENERAL OFFICES 521-547 West Thirteenth Street 518-524 West Fourteenth Street NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME TWENTY-SIX
NUMBER NINE

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1900

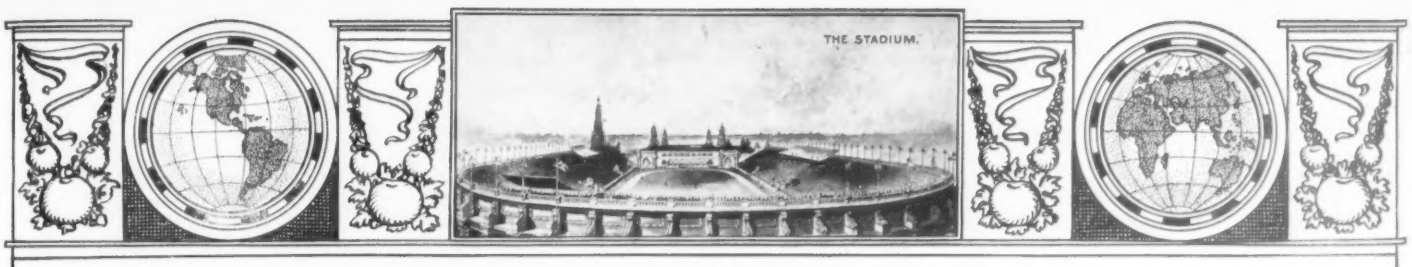
TEN CENTS A COPY
$5.20 PER YEAR

THE PROPOSED RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DEMOCRACY

UP TO THE HOUR when we write, almost all the suggestions looking toward a transformation of the Democratic party have emanated from men who voted against the Democratic candidate at the recent election. We need not say that such suggestions are entirely gratuitous and certain to be rebuffed. The seven millions of voters who, on November 6, supported the platform and the candidate of the Kansas City Convention may adopt a somewhat different programme in 1904, and may even put forward a different nominee, but they will not permit their actions to be dictated or even influenced by deserters and enemies. A majority of the people having pronounced at two general elections against the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, we do not think that the Democratic party can be reasonably expected for a third time to demand such a change in our monetary system. Does it follow that Mr. Bryan would decline to accept a nomination at the hands of a Democratic National Convention, which refused to reinsert a silver plank in its platform? To suppose that he would refuse a nomination under such conditions is to assume that he is a crank; for the definition of a crank is that he puts his individual judgment above that of a large majority of his countrymen. As we have previously pointed out, neither Henry Clay nor John C. Calhoun or Daniel Webster could have continued to hold a place of eminence, had they insisted upon preferring the ideas, which at the outset they put forward, to the deliberate and reaffirmed convictions of their constituents. Will the unflinching Democrats, however, who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1900 consent to make him their nominee four years hence, and will Mr. Bryan himself consent to figure as their candidate? We had better take the latter question first, as it is really the decisive one. In 1896 and 1900 Mr. Bryan was nominated, first, by the Populist Convention and also by the Silver Republican Convention. He can undoubtedly obtain the nominations of both those Conventions in 1904 should he desire them. Should he accept those nominations, the Democratic National Convention of 1904 must also choose him for its candidate, or face the absolute certainty of defeat. As the nominee of the united Populists and of the Silver Republicans, Mr. Bryan would command at least a million votes, and he would draw at least two millions more from the Democratic rank and file. It would, therefore, be impossible for the Democratic nominee to win, and the Republican candidate would have a walkover. But Mr. Bryan is a young man; the youngest man ever yet nominated for President by a party representing every State in the Union. He knows that he can never be the candidate of the Republican party as at present constituted. He cannot therefore desire to have the defeat of the Democracy at a critical conjuncture charged to his personal account, as it would be in 1904 under the conditions we have mentioned. That is why we think he may decline to be a candidate in 1904, provided he sees that the current of Democratic opinion is in favor not only of a new platform but also of a new nominee. In subjecting himself for the moment to such a self-denying ordinance, he may perhaps be governed to some extent by the example of Henry Clay. Henry Clay, also, entered public life at a very early age; indeed, he was chosen a United States Senator from Kentucky before he was constitutionally eligible. Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency in 1824 and then received many electoral votes. Nevertheless, out of loyalty to President John Quincy Adams, he declined to be a candidate in 1828. Four years later he was the nominee of the National Republican party, but was defeated. He gave other men a chance in 1836, and the result was that the electoral votes of the National Republicans were divided and practically thrown away. In 1840 he was displaced by an intrigue in favor of William Henry Harrison, although it is certain that, if Henry Clay had then been the nominee he would have been successful, and in all likelihood his election would have meant the permanent triumph of the Whig party. In 1844 Henry Clay demonstrated that, so long as he lived, he was a mighty political power; he was in that year the nominee of the Whig National Convention, and he would have become Chief Magistrate of the Republic but for the loss of a certain number of Free Soil votes in the State of New York. In 1848 Henry Clay was still the most conspicuous and influential member of the Whig party, and ought to have had its nomination for President. Nevertheless, through an intrigue concocted by Thurlow Weed, the nomination was taken from Clay and given to Zachary Taylor, who died after holding office for about a year, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, who by catering to the slaveholding Whigs succeeded in breaking up the party. We do not pretend that there are any perfect analogies in political history, and our personal opinion is that Mr. Bryan has a firmer hold on the seven million voters who supported him in 1900 than Henry Clay had at any time on the heterogeneous Whig organization. It is, therefore, for Mr. Bryan himself to announce whether he will or will not be the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency four years hence. Remembering his youth, he may think that he can afford to wait four years as Henry Clay thought he could in 1836. As a matter of fact, however, Henry Clay always believed that he lost the nomination in 1840, when he was absolutely sure of winning, because he had made the mistake of retiring into the background four years before. It is in truth a nice and delicate question which Mr. Bryan will have to answer. We say that he, and no other man, must answer it, because if he sees fit to run, the Democracy must accept him or fall between two stools. Our own belief is that Mr. Bryan will carefully consider the mistakes made by Henry Clay and will in good time signify that, if a considerable fraction of his countrymen should desire to make him for a third time their candidate, he will not repel the nomination. We add that, should the expected industrial crisis occur in 1903, and should Mr. Bryan in the following year receive the united nomination of the Democratic, Populist and Silver Republican parties, we believe that he could not be beaten at the ballot-box.

THE PROGRAMME OF CONGRESS

WHEN THE LAST SESSION of the present Congress opens, the Republicans will not only have retained the majorities in both Houses which they possessed in the previous session, but they will have the prestige accruing from their recent and signal victory at the ballot-box. Under the circumstances we may presume that the Administration to-day will be able to carry almost any measure, provided it does not alarm the country, and provided the Democratic minority does not resort to filibustering. What is likely to be the programme of the triumphant Republican party? Five bills are likely to be introduced, and we name them in the order of their importance to the Administration. These bills will aim, first, to increase the army and navy; secondly, to provide a civil government for the Philippines; thirdly, to arrange for the immediate construction of a Nicaragua Canal; fourthly, to offer subsidies for the revival of our merchant navy; and, fifthly, to reapportion the members of the House of Representatives in accordance with the census just completed. We put reapportionment last because representatives will not be chosen on the new basis before 1902, and, therefore, the business of determining the unit of representation might be safely relegated to the next Congress. Nevertheless, it would be wiser and more in accordance with the intention of the framers of our Federal Constitution to fix the basis now, and consequently we hope it will be done. We suppose that the unit agreed upon will be about two hundred thousand (200,000) inhabitants. The effect of placing the unit at this figure will be slightly to increase the number of representatives, but the number will still fall far short of that of members of the British House of Commons or that of members of the French Chamber of Deputies. When we call to mind that the white population of the United States is nearly double that of the United Kingdom, or that of France, there seems to be no good reason why the direct spokesmen of the people should not be considerably more numerous than they are now. We have put the increase of the regular army first because of all matters that require legislation this is the most urgent. It must be kept in mind that the 35,000 volunteers now serving in the Philippines must sail thence for the United States not later than January 30, in order to be mustered out at the date fixed by the statute which called them under the colors. It is evident from the reports submitted by General MacArthur that in order entirely to suppress the Aguinaldo insurrection, he will need to have at his disposal, for a year or two at all events, an army comprising at least 75,000 men. The deduction is obvious. The regular army should be at once raised to an aggregate of about 100,000 men; a certain number of regiments will be needed for a time in Cuba, and even Porto Rico, it seems, cannot be entirely denuded of troops. Our seaboard fortifications must be manned; Hawaii, Guam and Alaska must have garrisons; and some soldiers are indispensable for the purpose of averting Indian outbreaks in the vast region, once compendiously described as the Great American Desert. These objects cannot be attained, while at the same time a force of 75,000 men is maintained in the Philippines, unless the regular army is increased to at least 100,000 men. That we must retain some sort of connection with the Philippines seems to have been decisively asserted by the voters at the ballot-box. Upon the precise sort of connection to be maintained they did not pronounce; nor could they, in view of the fact that the constitutionality of the Porto Rican act was pending before the United States Supreme Court. Until the decision of that tribunal upon this matter has been announced, we do not expect that Congress will take any decisive action regarding the civil government of the Philippines. As soon, however, as the precise status of territory acquired by purchase or conquest shall have been defined by the highest judicial authority, it will become the paramount duty of Congress to offer the most liberal concessions to the inhabitants of the Philippines that can be made with an eye to the maintenance of tranquillity and order. We do not for a moment assume that one and the same provisional scheme of civil government could be at once made applicable to the whole of the Philippine archipelago. There are innumerable grades and shades of civilization in the islands, from the comparative enlightenment that prevails in Manila and parts of Luzon, to the utter savagery that survives in parts of Mindanao. To apply the same scheme of government to all the Philippines would be as absurd as if the Jefferson Administration had established the same method of self-rule for the French and Spanish inhabitants of New Orleans and the surrounding district, and for the savage denizens of the Missouri valley, which also formed a part of the Louisiana Purchase. What is essential is an exhibition of the same discrimination which Jefferson evinced. Let the Christianized and civilized inhabitants of western Luzon and of certain islands of the Visaya group have one form of territorial government; the less civilized islands another; and the yet totally uncivilized sections still another. In our administrative history there is no lack of models adapted to every kind of conditions, from the complete disfranchisement of the District of Columbia to the almost complete autonomy of Oklahoma, Arizona and Hawaii. All that is needed is an honest intention, backed by thorough knowledge of the circumstances. The knowledge is already attainable, and we cannot believe that the intention will be wanting. We are not, however, optimistic as regards the speed with which the Philippine problem will be solved. Many years will probably elapse before we shall be able to say that peace and order reign in the eastern parts of Luzon and in the eastern parts of Mindanao. In that there should be nothing to surprise us. After our acquisition of Florida we were seven years fighting the Seminoles, and we lost upward of 40,000 soldiers in the process. We shall be lucky if we lose less than three times that number in the subjugation and civilization of more than eight million souls in the Philippine archipelago. We pass to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and we do not hesitate to say that the American people will tolerate no further postponement of this business. The alleged rights of certain private corporations seem to have lapsed, and the representatives of Nicaragua have announced their willingness to give the United States a right of way across the isthmus for a moderate sum of money. But do we want to build the canal, subject to the conditions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as reaffirmed and amended by the Hay-Pauncefote proposed convention? We do not see how that convention can secure in the Senate the two-thirds vote needed for ratification. We hope that it will not, for we are convinced that the canal, if undertaken at all, should be constructed and fortified in pursuance of the provisions of the bill introduced in the House of Representatives at the last session. Unless we are to reserve the right to close the canal in time of war against a public enemy, we shall surrender the power of defending the seaports of our Pacific coast, and leave them at the mercy of a superior naval power. By consenting to the renunciation of the fundamental right of self-preservation, we shall have committed an act of folly only parallel in the case of the subjects of Priam, when they admitted the Trojan horse within their gates. As it is, the American Isthmus is for us a natural rampart. Should we cleave it without retaining control of the cleavage, we should be committing an act of suicide. There is not the slightest need of knuckling to England in this matter. As we saw in the memorable instance of the Venezuelan controversy, England will submit to almost anything sooner than provoke the enmity of the United States. We come now to the shipping bill, intended to resuscitate by means of subsidies our ocean-going merchant navy, which for a time before the Civil War was commensurate with that of England and transacted about one-half of the carrying trade of the whole world. To regain that invaluable traffic would be impossible without subsidies; but, having once regained it, we could keep it without taxing the national exchequer. It is only by subsidies that France keeps her commercial marine alive, and it is only thus that Germany has raised her merchant navy to its present remarkable proportions. We surely need not point out that a mercantile marine is the indispensable recruiting ground for ships of war. The great Napoleon understood this matter well, and it behooves our legislators to follow his example. As for the increase of our navy, which should be one of the subjects to be considered at the last session of the present Congress, it need not include battleships, but a provision should undoubtedly be made for additions to the number of protected cruisers and gunboats. For the effectual policing of the Philippines, we shall need for some years to come many more gunboats than are now available.



THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO

By WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN, Director-General

IF THE PEOPLE of the republics and countries of Central and South America fully realized to how great an extent misinformation with regard to their several countries exists in the United States and Canada, the Pan-American Exposition would be taxed beyond its limit to provide space for the exhibits that would come from those countries to enlighten the people of the United States and Canada concerning their neighbors to the southward. If, on the other hand, the people of the United States and Canada knew to any appreciable degree of the wide opportunities for the profitable investment of money and energy which offer themselves in Central and South America they would not require such exhibits to awaken their interest, nor would such opportunities long remain unknown or unpossessed.

THE OBJECT OF THE EXPOSITION

The ideal had in view by those who planned the Pan-American Exposition, and toward the accomplishment of which nothing is being left undone that energy and effort can bring about or suggest, is that in all that appertains to the industrial and intellectual development of the countries of the Western Hemisphere the Pan-American Exposition shall occupy the position of a great International "Information Clearing House." While interesting millions as a beautiful spectacle, it will afford an opportunity to the peoples of the three Americas to become better acquainted with each other, and it will prove a very prominent factor, too, in developing a proper and just appreciation in each country of the industrial wants and trade possibilities of their neighboring countries of the Western Hemisphere.

While their view of the duty and task imposed upon them in this regard has been broad, the generosity and public spirit of the promoters and management of the Exposition in providing for the setting of the Exposition a magnificent, fairy-like spectacle in landscape and building effects, and, in arranging for the sumptuous, intellectual entertainment of visitors within the grounds, has been broader. It is safe, I believe, to now risk the assertion that as a result of all this the verdict of those who visit Buffalo next year will be that in certain phases, and in not a few, the Pan-American Exposition will be justly entitled to rank in history as the most beautiful and successful of American Expositions.

No one who has approached the subject of Industrial Pan-America seriously believes that the artificial trade conditions now existing between Canada, the different Central and South American republics, and the United States—as they affect and restrict commerce and communication between the different countries—can long continue. Nor can it be controverted that great changes for the better in these regards have taken place during the past few years. Indeed, a greater advance has been made during the past ten years in the countries of the Western Hemisphere, in all that counts for the better, than during the fifty years preceding. This statement, made broadly, can be verified in detail. It applies to everything that has tended toward stability of government; toward the betterment and improvement of the people of the different countries; toward the building up therein of permanent national wealth, and in the direction of utilizing to a greater degree than heretofore the products and resources of these countries.

GOVERNMENTS AND EXPORT PRODUCTS OF SOUTH AMERICA

It is true that exceptions to this statement can be easily pointed out, but, broadly speaking, it will bear investigation, and will be found to be correct. For example, with few exceptions the seemingly unending boundary disputes—all of which, by the way, came down from the old Spanish regime as an inheritance, and which have been for seventy years the source of untold expense, and of constant irritation and oft-threatened war between practically all of the republics of Central and South America—have been amicably concluded. The closing days of the century find that chief source of trouble in Latin America happily reduced to a comparatively small point. It is but just to these republics to say in this connection that due credit should be given them for the fact that in reaching this result they have consistently recognized the theory of arbitration to be the proper and true method by which such international disputes may be solved. To-day no boundary difficulty of any kind affects the peace of the east coast of South America, and but two such questions are still to be adjusted upon the west coast. Stable government, well administered, has been reached in very many of the republics south of us. In some—notably in those toward the extreme south of the continent—the most striking and rapid advances imaginable have been made during the past ten years in their material development and in the prosperity of their people.

This has been especially true of the Argentine Republic and of Chili. Fifty years ago the latter supplied flour to the entire west coast of South, Central, and even to that of North America. The development of California and Oregon, however, changed this, and to-day the latter not only supply their own wants, but as well a large section of Central and part of Western South America with breadstuffs. Chili, on her part, has become the world's nitrate producer, and, notably so, in copper, while her vineyards have increased with each year.

In the Argentine Republic the changes that have occurred are even more striking, because they relate to things with which we of the United States and Canada are more familiar. It is, for example, relatively speaking, but a few years since the United States were shipping flour to the Argentine Republic and to Uruguay. To-day, as a result of the immigration that has poured into those republics, but principally into the first country, and as a result of the application of North American farm machinery to the great alluvial basin of the River Plate, the Argentine Republic alone exports to Europe thirty-five million bushels of wheat and half that amount of maize each year. Not content with having thus become the competitor of the United States and Canada in the Old World in the exportation of breadstuffs, the same republic has also become their competitor—and a strong and growing one, too—in the exportation of meat products. Few have any idea of the growth of this industry in the River Plate republics. Thirty years ago Great Britain imported less than three hundred thousand pieces of frozen mutton. Indeed, that was the beginning of that industry. To-day there are killed, frozen and exported to Europe each day from the province of Buenos Ayres alone, in the Argentine Republic, thirteen thousand carcasses of as good mutton as the world can produce, while innumerable square miles of alfalfa fields dot the republic and furnish rice, cheap fattening material for the thirty million or more of cattle possessed by the country.

The advantages the people of the United States and Canada might obtain by grasping the true meaning of the above facts would appear to be many, and their value very great.

If they would, for instance, but realize the significance of the one fact, that a well-bred, fat steer can be and is being produced in the Argentine Republic and exported to England at a total expense at least fifteen dollars less than it is possible to do the same thing, in either the United States or Canada—while a greater advantage lies with the producer of River Plate mutton—they would realize the strong appearance of probability to the often-quoted statement made by some that the not distant future would bring River Plate mutton to our tables in the United States.

GREAT COTTON ZONES IN THE SOUTH

Many public men in South America believe this will occur, reasoning, as they do, that the conditions in the United States are such, and their development in manufactures so pronounced, that it can be looked upon as altogether probable that within the next ten years meat will be profitably exported to the United States from the great cattle zones of South America; they also believe that the turn of the tide that has carried the United States into the position of a lender of money rather than a borrower will then carry the well-known aggressiveness and zeal of American financiers and industrial operators into South America, where a highly profitable field would be found for the employment of capital in the development of many of the smaller industries now in existence there, and in the consolidation and operation on a large scale of the meat-producing plants there, and in the handling of breadstuffs and all their related industries.

Millions of acres of tillable land, in an excellent climate, with every facility except immediate transportation, await those who will seriously look for it in South and Central America; and it was the earnest wish and purpose of those who formulated and planned the Pan-American Exposition that in all the above fields they might, through the Exposition, do something tangible toward bringing to all a better knowledge than now exists concerning the countries of the Western Hemisphere, and that there might result from the Exposition something of value in the direction of a wider dissemination of that practical knowledge of our surroundings and of our future industrial outlook so much desired by all of us, and so essential to a proper realization on our own part of the problems of trade and of commerce that are in store for us and for our children to solve; that through it the people of the Western Hemisphere might more clearly appreciate than they now do the enormous resources of the Western Hemisphere and the possibilities it contains for the building up of an enormous industrial empire, containing, as it does, the most fertile agricultural lands of the world toward both extremities of the hemisphere, with minerals and forests adjacent in either section, with great navigable waterways in both North and South America, and with a central zone capable of producing to an unlimited degree all the tropical and sub-tropical products known to or used by man.

The Pan-American Exposition was not, therefore, either entirely or largely born of a selfish desire on the part of the people of the State of New York, and of Buffalo primarily, to draw attention to anything they possess, nor to acquire, wholly, local prestige and benefit from the undertaking. The location of the Exposition was fixed at Buffalo by reason of the fact that the courage of the people of that city and their public spirit and faith in their ability to finance and produce an International Exposition, which should be confined to the Western Hemisphere, was strong enough to convince Congress that the work would be well done, and hence the location was decided upon.

WHAT BUFFALO HAS DONE

This step having been taken and the die thus cast, Buffalo has risen equal to the occasion, and has subscribed millions of money, and, as a city, there has been sunk in one common purpose to succeed all personal and sectional jealousies and ambitions.

A splendid location was selected for the Exposition, in which there is included a large part of the city's great and famously beautiful park; and, from the time that was done, up to the present moment, the interest and energy manifested, and the strong intent to succeed in every way shown by the people of the city in their great undertaking, has been focused upon and centred in the work now nearing completion. The extent to which this interest has been shown can be gauged from the fact that on several recent Sundays twenty thousand people have passed through the wagon gates to the grounds, in order that they might see how the work of constructing the Exposition buildings was progressing.

ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS

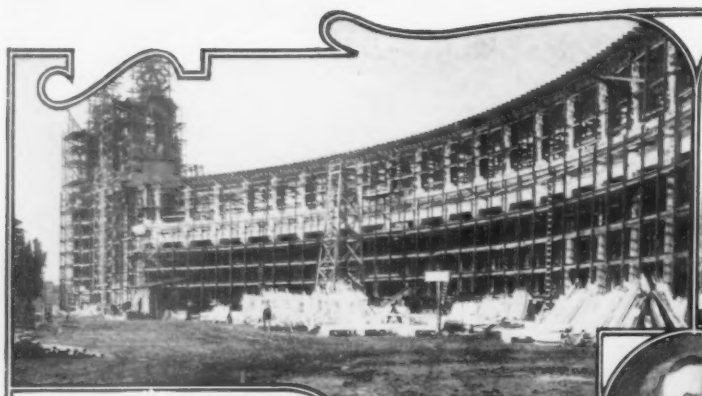
In its architectural qualities and outlines the Exposition pays the republics of South and Central America the highest compliment possible, since in the character and design of its buildings there will be placed before the visitor the most perfect, the most beautiful, and the most enchanting picture of Spanish architectural memories that has ever been presented in any country or place, while in its natural attractions and in the loveliness of its lake and forest and flower setting, the Exposition as a picture will be a source of gladness and delight, and a pride as well to every one who visits it. Those who have its direction and management are doing everything within their power to bring together about these central, salient points, those finishing, connecting links of fountains, of brilliant lighting effects, of music, of gardens, of entertainments, and of novelty, which go so far toward making up the real life of a great Exposition.

As this is being written—six months previous to the opening of the Exposition—it is distinctly gratifying to the people of Buffalo and of the State of New York to be able to realize, as they do, that their efforts in the work of building up and arranging the groundwork of the Exposition have been warmly seconded on every hand; and that the discouragements they have met with, and the difficulties they have had to overcome, have but more closely accentuated and made apparent the merit of their undertaking and brought to them the unsought praise and hearty applause of their fellow citizens of the United States, while the prominent and praiseworthy activity being shown in Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, the Argentine Republic and in Cuba, in all that relates to the participation of those countries in the Exposition, is most encouraging and presages a brilliant outcome. To this there is to be added the widespread interest now manifested in the Exposition in Canada, in Jamaica, in Guadeloupe, in Porto Rico, in Hawaii, and in the Philippines. With these factors to work from, there would seem to be a bright outlook ahead for a successful outcome, and a realization to some degree of the sentiments underlying the Exposition. With but few exceptions, the States are cordially and enthusiastically interested in the Exposition, and will participate, and they are joining heartily in the efforts to make it in its success consistent with the ideas held by those who formulated its plans, and such as will amply and fully justify the pride, faith and confidence of the people who first took up and encouraged by every means within their power the holding of a Pan-American Exposition—at a seemingly most appropriate place—within earshot, as it is, of the World's greatest cataract, and amid the truly marvellously wonderful applications of the unlimited power now being transmitted from that great leap of waters.

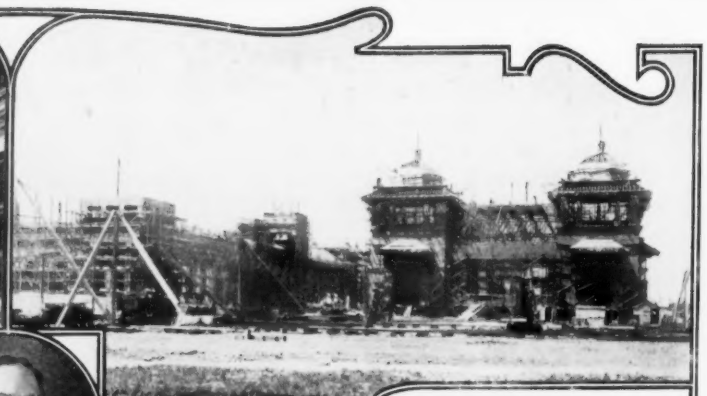
BRINGING TOGETHER THE RESOURCES OF THE AMERICAS

I have given several reasons why it seemed that an opportune moment had been reached to hold a Pan-American Exposition, and also why the people of the Western Hemisphere should be interested in and learn much of great advantage to them from such a bringing together of the resources of the Americas as it is contemplated and desired to do. Many other reasons could be given why a broader, more rational, better understood and more common-sense Pan-American sentiment should exist between the people of the three Americas than is now apparent, and as to why the suspicion concerning the attitude of the United States toward them that has lain not wholly or always dormant in the Latin American republics should be wiped out for all time. Among these would be the building of an isthmian canal; the possibility of a continental railway some day connecting the two ends of the hemisphere; the benefits and advantages in our relations with Latin America that are certain to follow the assimilation among us of the Spanish language since the Spanish war, which is now going on in every direction, and the striking changes our relations and business dealings and contact with Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines will bring about. These are all factors and things of interest and value to all the people of the Western Hemisphere, and each and all will be aided and benefited to some degree in every way by the holding of the Pan-American Exposition.

If this international enterprise shall therefore do aught in any of the directions I have indicated, and if it shall in addition, or as a result, to any degree add something to the "better acquaintance" stock of the people of the Western Hemisphere, and thus tend to bring to them all a more accurate knowledge than they now possess of each other's needs and opportunities, and a truer appreciation of their industrial interdependence upon each other, it will not have been created in vain.



ENTRANCES AT THE NORTH END OF GROUNDS

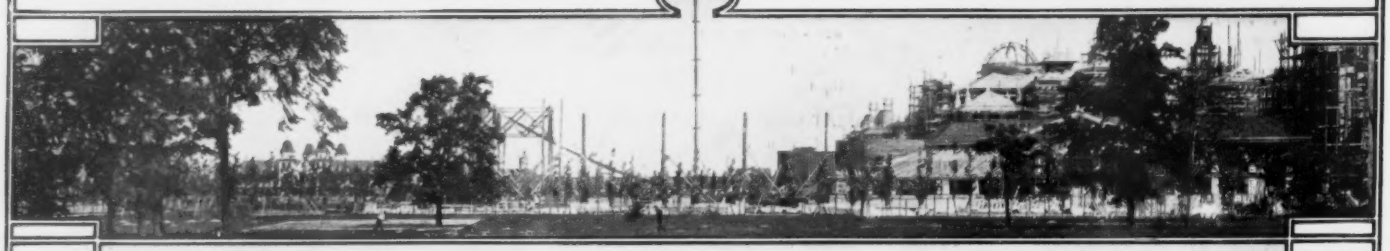


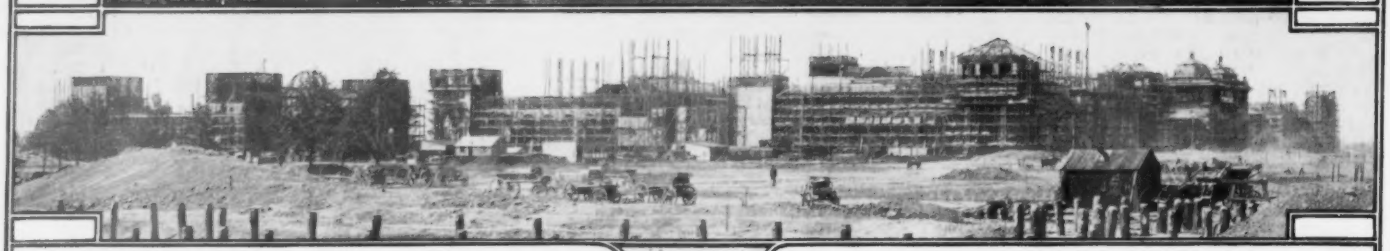
MACHINERY AND ELECTRICAL BUILDINGS

DIRECTOR-GENERAL WM. I. BUCHANAN

BAND STAND IN THE PLAZA. THE TWO TOWERS BEYOND BELONG TO THE MIDWAY ENTRANCE AND RESTAURANT BUILDING

MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, FROM THE NORTHWEST, INDICATING THE IMMENSE AREA OCCUPIED

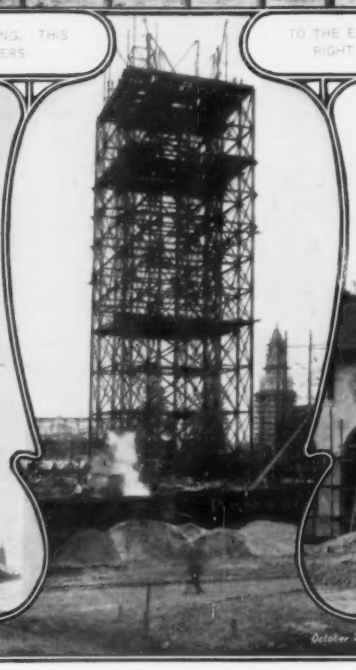




AREA FOR FLORAL EXHIBITS, SOUTHWEST OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDING. THIS WILL CONTAIN THE RAREST AND MOST BRILLIANTLY-HUED FLOWERS

TO THE EXTREME LEFT IN THE DISTANCE IS THE SERVICE BUILDING; TO THE RIGHT HORTICULTURE, MACHINERY, GRAPHIC ARTS, AND MINES ARE SEEN

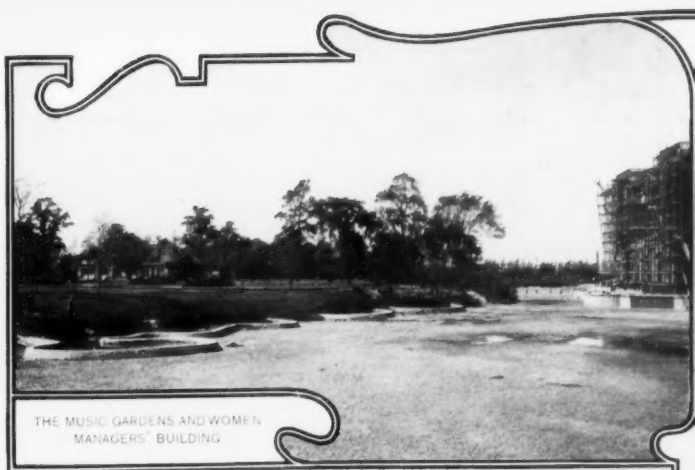
VIEW SHOWING TOWERS OF MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



FRAMEWORK OF THE ELECTRIC TOWER AT A HEIGHT OF 200 FEET. THIS TOWER WILL BE 300 FEET HIGH

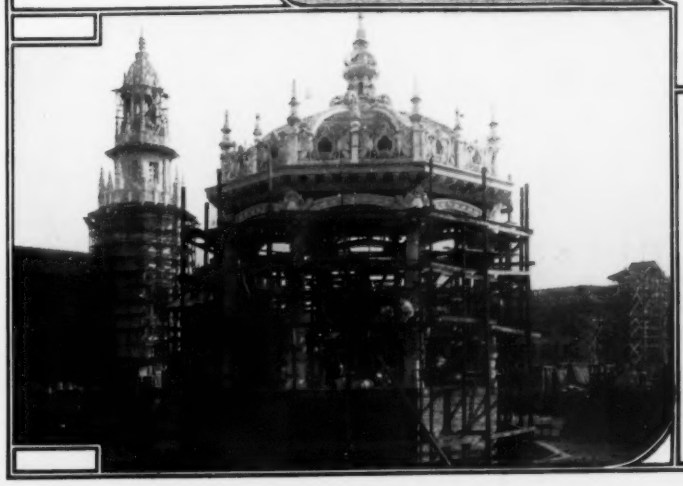
NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK



THE MUSIC GARDENS AND WOMEN MANAGERS' BUILDING

ONE OF THE SOUTHERN LAGOONS AND A GOVERNMENT BUILDING



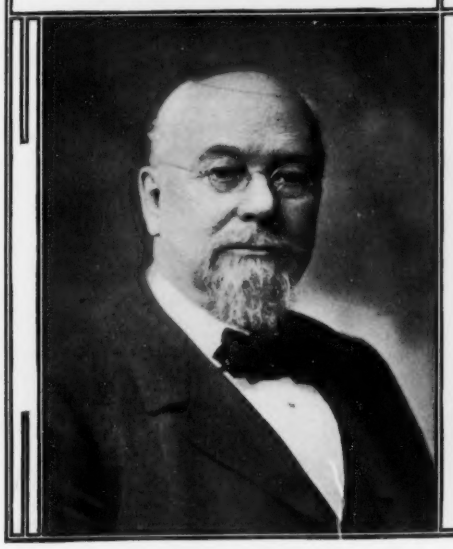
VIEW OF THE BAND STAND IN PLAZA—TOWER OF THE STADIUM ENTRANCE AT THE LEFT

NEAR VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

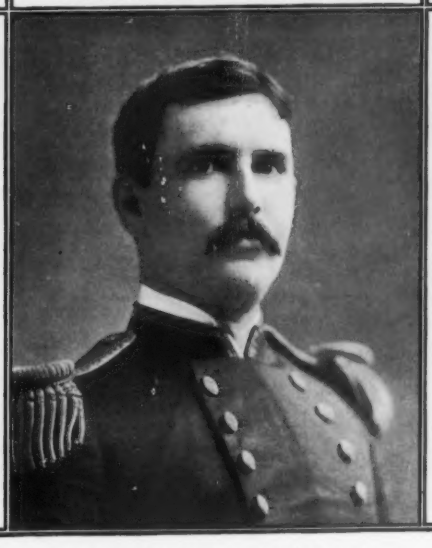
JOHN B. WEBER
COMMISSIONER-GENERAL, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

THOMAS M. MOORE
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF GRAPHIC ARTS, MACHINERY, TRANSPORTATION EXHIBITS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

JOHN N. SCATCHERD
CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



DR. SELIM H. PEABODY
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL ARTS



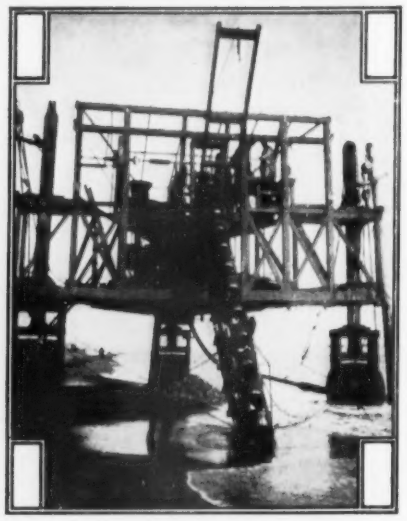
LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, U. S. R. C. S.
IN CHARGE OF THE ORDNANCE DIVISION

JOHN G. MILBURN
PRESIDENT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

THE BEACH, LOOKING WESTWARD FROM NOME, SHOWING MINING APPARATUS AND MINERS' CAMPS

FIRST TRAIN TO RUN OVER THE WILD GOOSE RAILROAD, FROM NOME TO ANVIL



MINING THE SANDS OF THE SEA

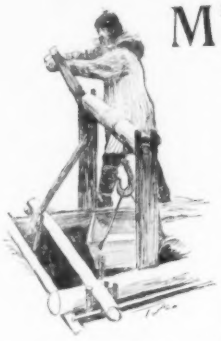
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS

FRONT STREET, NOME, AS IT APPEARED IN AUGUST, 1900

HUNTING GOLD IN THE SANDS OF NOME

HUNTING GOLD IN THE SANDS OF NOME

By TAPPAN ADNEY, Our Special Correspondent in the Gold Fields



MINING OPERATIONS, THE actual processes and devices by which men extract gold from the earth, are always of thrilling interest to the spectator. Often ingenuity and perseverance are taxed to the utmost, as Nature is something of a miser, and has well concealed her treasure and clings to it tenaciously when an effort is made to rob her. The result is a battle-royal between the forces of nature and the resourcefulness of man.

Each gold field has its own peculiarities, which must be understood and mastered before success can be won. In one field the hard rock almost baffles human inventiveness. In another the terrors of the climate are such as would overawe the courage of any one except an Arctic explorer or a gold-hunter. At Cape Nome the miners have to struggle against a terrible climate, in a barren and remote region, and against the vast difficulty presented by the nature of the earth in which gold is found.

A WONDERFUL SAND DIGGER

But as man is never so fertile in invention as when he is searching for gold, the miners of this region have created a formidable array of new devices to overcome all the problems that this desolate beach has presented. I have already described a machine, devised by Major L. H. French of New York, for the purpose of lifting great quantities of sand and water. It was made to handle the sand under the sea at a distance of forty feet from the shore line, and its mode of operation was similar to that of the ordinary harbor dredger. It clearly demonstrated what nearly all miners had doubted, that a hydraulic pump can raise gold. It was not demonstrated, however, that so large a machine could be operated successfully, from an economic point of view, under the peculiar conditions prevailing at Cape Nome.

A small hydraulic ram, run by steam, was placed on the beach not far above the French plant. The sand was driven into a string of sluice-boxes. Even this would appear not to have been a complete success, as for a good portion of the time the ram itself has been idle, while the engine has been pumping water into the boxes, into which the dirt is shovelled by hand.

All the pumping plants, except the two I have just described, are much alike in their method of operation, whether large or small, or whether worked by steam or gasolene. Gasolene is more economical than steam, giving more power for the same cost than coal or wood. The water used in the steam engine is pumped through a 3, 6, 8 or 10-inch iron pipe from the sea, and thence in large cotton hose into a string of sluice-boxes provided with riffles and plates. Some of the plants undoubtedly have made money; others have certainly not made expenses.

PATENT "CONTRAPSHUNS"

Contrivances for saving the gold other than the rocker and sluice-box, as well as the pumps for raising water for sluicing, are as varied, apparently, as human ingenuity can devise. As a rule, these patent "contrapshuns" do not find favor with the old miners. When they have the capacity of a rocker, they are more cumbrous to move and require more men to work them. The larger patent machines are usually run by one or two horsepower gasolene engines which pump the water and at the same time agitate the machine. Quite as effective seem some of the crude machines built by the miners themselves—sluice-boxes on a modified plan.

Interesting are the pumps. Here is one that looks like a swing such as one sees in Central Park. Another is a wheel with paddles, which serve as steps for a man who travels on the wheel like a squirrel—only the man is outside, instead of within, the wheel—pumping water into a short, broad sluice, into which his two partners shovel the sand. Another is a pedal arrangement like a bicycle. In three or four cases water sufficient to sluice has been brought from lakes on the tundra. There were many women on the beach, and it was no uncommon sight to see a woman, in short skirt, rubber boots and a sunbonnet, swishing a rocker at the edge of the sea, while her husband, or another woman, brought the sand and dumped it into the hopper. The usual position of the rockers is at the water's edge, and the gold-bearing sand is brought sometimes in little carts, dragged on pieces of canvas, or wheeled in barrows, but more generally carried in buckets, when the sand is not close enough to be thrown in directly with a shovel. As they worked back toward the tundra, many moved their rockers, dipping water from pools and boxes. Near the sea the gold is commonly found a foot or so below the surface; but the gravel grows deeper toward the tundra, where, under the grassy banks, the miners have bored and delved, more like gophers than men, scraping the gold frequently from the interstices of driftwood cast ashore by the sea ages ago.

MINING IS HARD WORK

Mining at best is the hardest kind of work, and those who shovelled and rocked, dug and burrowed so patiently deserved success. All the day, from Nome to Penny River, was heard the swish of rockers, the harsh pap, pap, pap of gasolene engines, the pounding of steam plants, the cursing of drivers and creakings of wagons freighting supplies to the camps, the shrill whistle or quick popping of gasolene launches passing up and down the coast—sounds of civilized activity, contrasting rudely with the soft roll of the sea and the plaintive, wild cries of seabirds fishing, sounds that belong to this northern sea.

Although it was the exception to find one making any but the scantiest wages, they toiled away in the almost vain hope of working out enough by the end of the short season to pay for a steerage ticket home. But this they were not to do. Their right to work freely upon the beach was disputed by persons claiming exclusive control of a part of the beach by right of location as mineral claims. If ever an outrage was perpetrated upon humanity it was the ejectment and arrest, on August 1, as common criminals, of men who had come to the country believing that the beach was free for all to go upon and work. Had they desired, upon their arrival at Nome, to find employment in prospecting the creeks and gulches, the creeks for as far as two days' journey from Nome were already staked and held by others; the market for labor was reduced to almost nothing; and so, with hardly a dollar in their pockets, they had no alternative but to work upon the beach. Most of these people had no business to come here as they did, unprepared; but they were here, and they were human beings.

One, Alexander McKenzie, a gentleman said to be of considerable importance in his own State, Dakota, not content with having organized a gigantic scheme to secure profit for himself and friends from the litigation into which nearly all the valuable mining ground of the region has been thrown by contests, must display his power immediately upon his own arrival, and that of the judiciary whose appointment he is even said to have secured, by causing the arrest of the miners for trespass upon portions of the beach claimed by himself or his company, the New York Alaska Mining Company. True, it was claimed to be merely a test case. The poor wretches were all allowed to go upon their promise not to go again upon his property. But the consequence was that everywhere that a person or corporation having a pull with the authorities, and caring to use it, has laid claim to a portion of the beach, by so-called right of location, the miners have been driven off.

COMPANIES MONOPOLIZING THE BEACH

The trouble is over the question whether the beach can be located for mining purposes. Last summer, immediately after the discovery of gold, the beach was located by companies for a long distance east and west of Nome. The miners paid no attention to the locations, believing that there was highway sixty feet inland from high tide not subject to location; nor were they disturbed by the original locators, who carried their claims to Washington for a decision as to their right to locate. A company, however, which had previously staked the tundra moved their stakes and set up a claim to the beach. Through the influence which these people seem to have had with the then magistrate, Shepard, and the local military, Lieutenant Cragie of the Seventh U. S. Infantry, stationed at Nome, proceeded up the beach with a squad of men and arrested several hundred miners who peaceably accompanied the soldiers to town, where the representative of the said company was informed that the arrest having been made he must proceed further, if he so desired, by civil action. The company being unwilling to proceed, and there being no means of keeping the miners in confinement, they were allowed to go, and they went back upon the beach, where they allotted to themselves strips twenty-five feet wide and were not again molested.

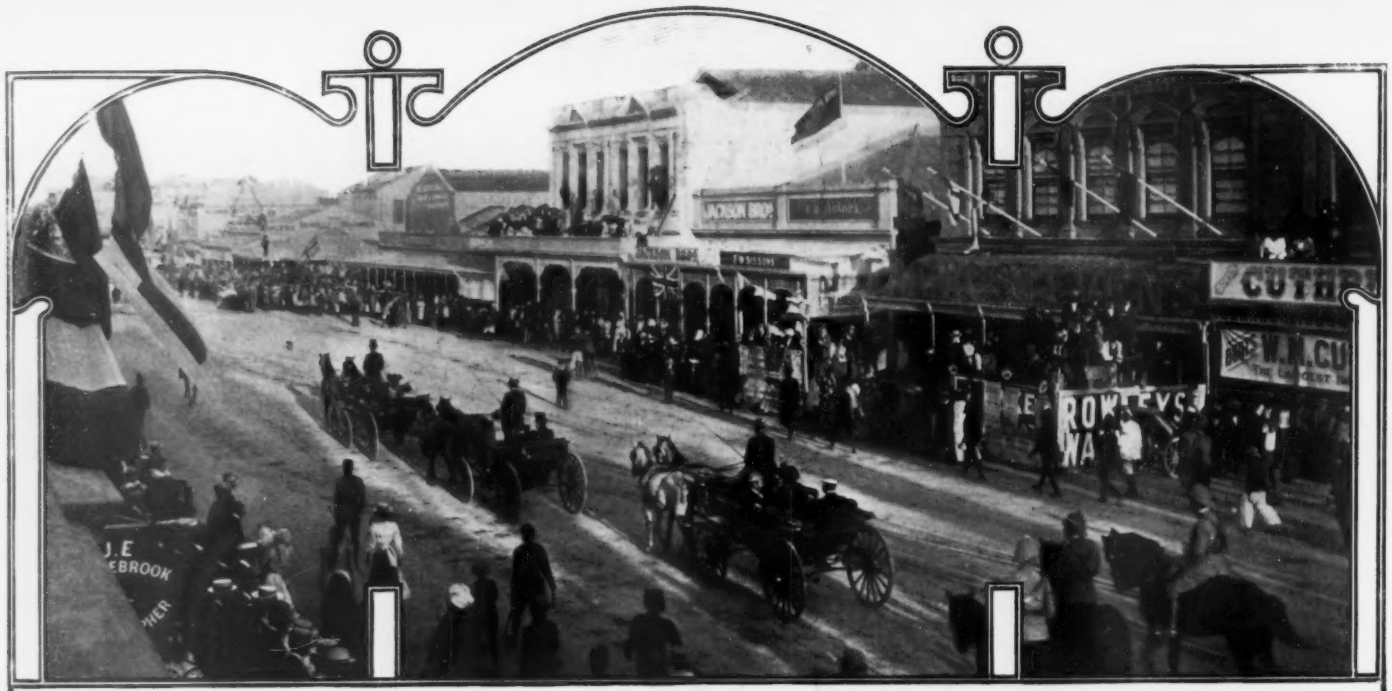
Lawyers then predicted that the same trouble would arise again. It was decided in Washington, in the case of J. W. Logan and others interested in the original locations, which were 1,320 feet long and 330 feet each side of the low-water mark, that the strip inland was open for location, but not the strip under water, the latter being "tide lands." This decision was afterward embodied in the Civil Code and in the Lacy bill, which were passed last spring by Congress. On April 14 the miners at Nome held a miners' meeting and declared the beach not open for location, but to be free for all alike. This declaration being made in organized miners' meeting, legally became a rule of the mining district, and while it could not affect the validity of the previous locations, it would seem to make illegal any locations made since that date. Influential new-comers, however, staked claims on the beach as late as June 25, disregarding both the miners' regulations and the original locations. McKenzie made such locations on the beach, either on top of the previous locations or so close as to leave the question seriously in doubt without a proper survey.

PROTEST OF THE MINERS

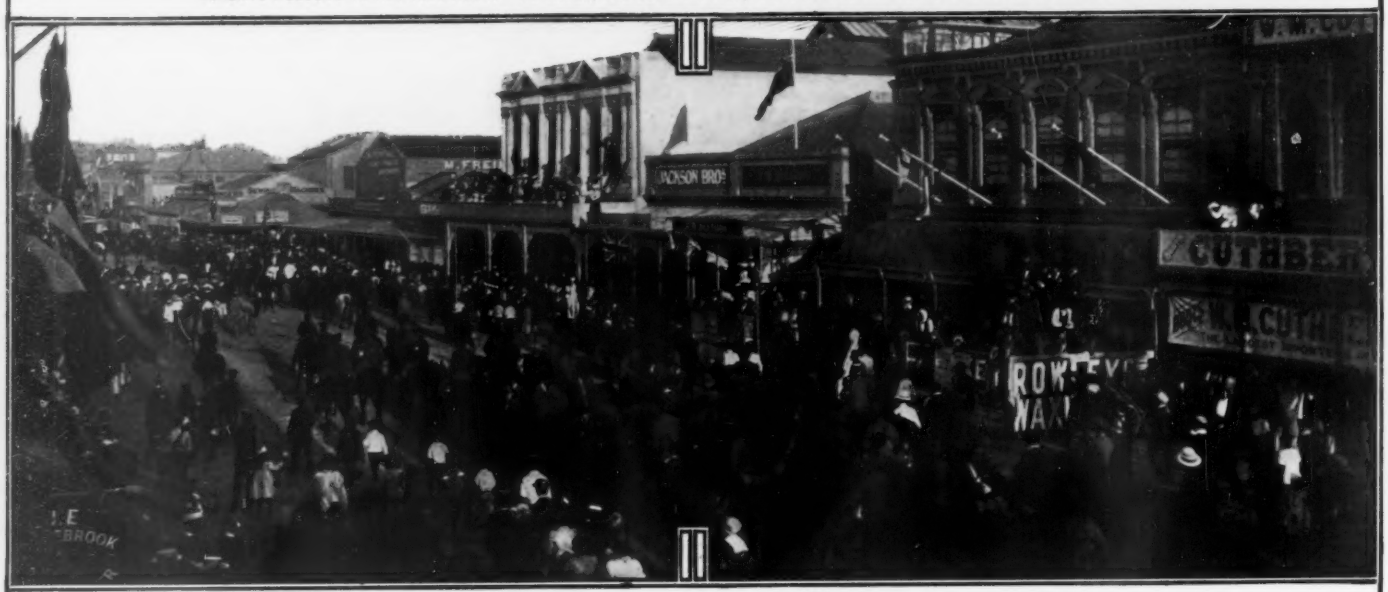
The rocker men were on the ground when McKenzie arrived. He proceeded to lay complaint before the commissioner, R. N. Stevens, who caused the arrest of the miners. More than five thousand miners, among whom were owners of many small pumping plants, were affected by the decision of the magistrate. On August 2 a mass-meeting was held on the beach, and the same day another meeting was held in a large tent in Nome, where resolutions were passed declaring that the beach, from low-water mark to the tundra, being at some time of the year covered by tide, were "tide lands," and as such had never at any time been open for location; and further condemning the action of men and corporations in invoking the criminal arm of the law while the civil law was open to them, and fully capable of protecting any and all rights they might have, if they did have any, either by the civil process of trespass, injunction or ejectment; and they further declared their belief that the said men and corporations had invoked the criminal branch of the law to avoid the expense of furnishing indemnity bonds for a civil action, and that it was this selfish motive which actuated them in causing the arrest of law-abiding men who had come from three to five thousand miles to earn an honest livelihood in the belief that the beach was free to all. If McKenzie really did regard the action as a test, it is peculiarly unfortunate that he should have done it in a manner so to outrage public sentiment in almost the same hour that he was made by his friend, District Judge Noyes, receiver for rich claims just now in dispute on Anvil Creek. This and other matters of a kindred nature that have taken place since the arrival of McKenzie and his friends give color to a suspicion, which some are so bold as to express openly, at the risk of being held for contempt of court, of a prearranged plan to exploit the entire Nome region for the personal advantage of a set of political "grafters."

A NEW STRIKE

A very rich spot on the beach was found at Topkok, about forty miles east of Nome. The strike was made before the arrival of the steamers, and six hundred thousand dollars is said to have been taken out in about three weeks' time. This came not so much from the beach as the tundra. A number of miners were arrested there also, at the instance of the Black Chief Mining Company; but the circumstances are entirely different. The mining company owned tundra claims, which the miners, as they worked back from the beach, invaded. They were warned, but continuing to incroach still further, they were arrested. At the present time there is a town of nearly a thousand persons there, called "Bluff City," and a number of pumping plants, working on the beach and on Daniels Creek, near by.



DURBAN'S WELCOME TO HER VOLUNTEERS—THE MAYOR, THE DEPUTY MAYOR, THE COMMANDANT AND TOWN COUNCIL LEADING THE PARADE



THE NAVAL DETACHMENT OF THE NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES PARADING ALONG WEST STREET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT J. E. MIDDLEBROOK

ARRIVAL OF C, D AND E COMPANIES OF THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY AT CONGELLA

WINDING UP THE WAR IN NATAL

THE RETURN OF THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY AND THE NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES TO DURBAN, NATAL, AND THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AND THE TOWNSFOLK OF THE PORT

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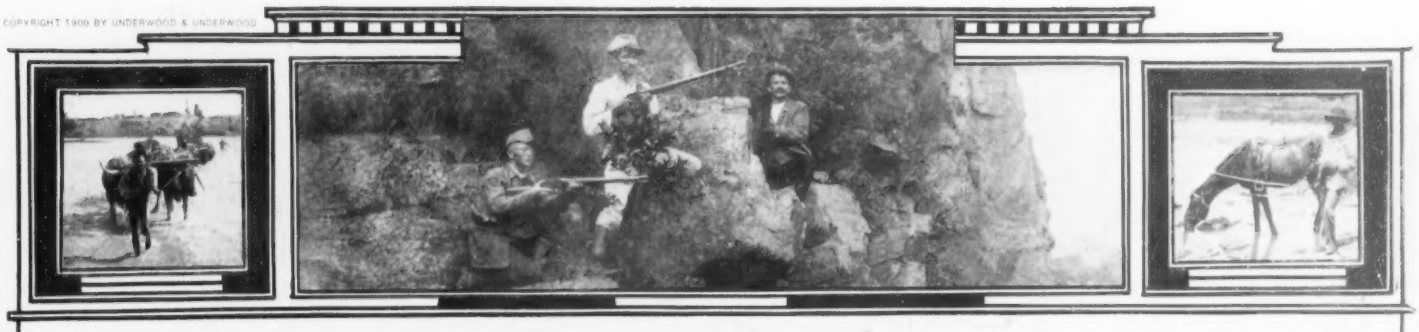

WAR TYPES AND PICTURES

By COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH, Commander of the Second Irish Brigade of the Boer Army

THE FIRST combat at Elandslaagte was one of the most terrible engagements of the war, and it illustrates a truth which I had frequent occasion to verify during the campaign, that although bravery is an essential element in every good commander, yet in the hierarchy of his qualifications it ought to occupy only an inferior position. Like Teufelsdröck's learning, it should be there, naturally and of course; and that should be the end of any reference to it.

The Boers had been led to a very exposed and unsupported position, and all day long, shelled at and fusilladed, they had fought against terrible odds. A few of the advanced guard also, if the truth must be told—and that I always endeavor to do—had taken too much of the cup that cheers but not helps to shoot the straighter. Toward evening the Boers broke and fled, and the English lancers sailed in and enjoyed a couple of hours' "pig-sticking," as they facetiously called the sport of putting their lances through Boers who had surrendered, and some of whom begged on their knees for mercy. Ben Viljoen, the famous commandant of the Johannesburg men, now general, was one of those who did not surrender, but who made his escape in the dark. Two English soldiers rode after him, and they called out, "You are a prisoner!"

"No, I'm not," responded the doughty Ben, and pulling out a revolver he shot the first man. The other took to his heels. Viljoen galloped away, but soon after, in taking his horse over a small ditch, the animal stuck so fast in the mud that he could not get out. Viljoen left him there at anchor and pursued his way on foot.

Two men who subsequently joined my commando were among the heroes of Elandslaagte. (The name, I may say in parenthesis, is derived from the word Eland, a buck or deer; and laagte, a long slope or talus.) They had resisted the shells and the storming parties of the English all day long, and at night they did not flee. They simply hid near the top of the hill, behind some rocks sheltered by a few bushes, and they remained there motionless, while the English soldiers, who had clambered to the heights, were shouting, "Rule Britannia!" and disporting themselves like demons. The soldiers were often within a few yards of them, but Hartman and Haines—for so they were called—lay low. After a time they crept away, passed in the darkness through the lines of the soldiers, and so escaped.

A lady, who was very enthusiastic, afterward interviewed Hartman, and in penetrating tones asked him how—in that terrible hour, when the shock of nations had produced its first dread result, and his own fate, as well as the great momentous issue, was trembling in the balance—how did he feel?

Hartman turned his hat round awkwardly in his fingers and replied, "Well, ma'am, I was feeling very thirsty."

Hartman was the man who at a critical situation on the Dundee Road, where we had to hold a kopje against great odds, cried out so cheerily, "It's all right, Colonel, we can keep back an army!"

Such were the young Afrikanders—heroes without knowing it. They never required to have bravery pumped into them by excitement. They had the "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," which Napoleon said was so rare. They were brave all the time.

AN IRONSIDE

Another of my men was in hospital. I visited him. "Well, K——," said I, "what is all this about?"

"Oh," he replied, "I got a bullet that went in on the right side and passed through my body, and came out on the left."

"That knocked you down, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; I did not know that it happened at the time. I went on fighting, and then another fellow jumped on me with his bayonet, and put it about two inches into my chest."

"That knocked you down, I suppose?" said I.

"Oh, no. I shot him. But shortly after a bullet struck my arm and broke it."

"That knocked you down, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the indomitable K——; "I did not know that it happened at the time. But I soon found that I could not use my arm, so I walked to the ambulance, and here I am."

K—— soon recovered from all his wounds and was fit for service once again.

The occasion to which this incident referred was a night surprise, and this may explain the use of the bayonet by the English soldier. The bayonet, when pitted against men who can handle the rifle, is an obsolete and ridiculous weapon. The English soldiers were as a rule not only bad shots, but in their attacks they did not seem to take aim. I myself would have lost twelve lives (if this be not a "bull") had the British been able to shoot as well as the Boers.

One of my troopers was a Bulgarian officer, who had achieved great fame in his own country as a fighter of Turks. Some people called him a brigand; others called him a great patriot; the probability is that he was both. He was, in fact, the Rob Roy of Bulgaria on the frontiers of Turkey, and his raids upon the subjects of the Sultan, who are not to be trifled with, entitled him to all the renown he had received. Nature brings not back the Mastodon, it has been said, but Nature had brought back in Bousokoff perhaps a soldier of Alexander the Great, perhaps a warrior of Sparta. Small in stature, but compactly built, of a frame of iron, Bousokoff possessed the regular features one may see in an antique bronze. His mustache and short beard were coal black, his complexion swarthy, his eye calm and dauntless.

Now, Buller was a long while coming up from Ladysmith, and we were passing the time with desultory patrols and raids, and Bousokoff was getting weary for the big guns. He told me that if Buller did not bring the big guns up soon he would like to go to the Free State, and I gave him that permission, to take effect within a certain limit of days.

A HOT CORNER

We went down to the hills beyond Waschbank, riding all night, and in the early gray of the dawn, on the hither side of Elandslaagte, we beheld the English cavalry going through some manœuvres. We threw the first shell right into the middle of the squadron, and they scattered like ants. That was the first they knew of our being anywhere near the place. We continued to shell them, and after some time they replied, and the artillery duel continued. Our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs, although our artillery was in force and doing good work. It would have been impossible for us, however, to attack them in their camp at close quarters. After pounding away at us for some time, they moved up a strong detachment of infantry with guns to a neighboring kopje, and from this point they began a fusillade of Lee-Metfords. I took my brigade to a kopje opposite, separated from the English kopje by a flat valley about half a mile in width, and after some time we succeeded in forcing their riflemen to retire. Meanwhile, however, their guns had been playing over our positions, from behind shelter, and as we were too few to traverse the intervening flat country to storm them, and as we had no fear of the English attempting anything of the sort, I led my men to a part of the field where General Lucas Meyer commanded in person, and whence we were sending out a force to endeavor to take the enemy on the flank. On this occasion, unfortunately, they retired too rapidly to allow us to effect our purpose. But as we left the kopje we had to cross two exposed strips. At the first we were under a hail of bullets, but the English are bad shots. We could hear the vicious swish of the Lee-Metford close to our ears, and we could see the bullets crackling on the rocks all about us, but they did not kill a man. Had they been first-class marksmen they would have decimated us. We were soon under cover, and we made our way to where we had left our horses; but in order to reach General Lucas Meyer we had to traverse on horseback an exposed "nek" or pass, where a great many commandoes had already passed, and of which the English gunners had taken the distance most accurately. We had to make a dash for it, in single file, running the gantlet in rare style; and they put their shells upon us with admirable precision. One of them, a shrapnel, burst so close to my head that I veritably thought for a moment that the end of the world had come. But instead of that, nothing more serious had happened than that my horse had taken a sudden and violent leap to one side, and that I had lost a stirrup. I turned round and saw another shell burst close to Bousokoff, covering him with a cloud of dust, and frightening his steed. Bousokoff's hat was knocked over his eyes, and his terrified horse ran down a steep place, and, throwing him, nearly precipitated him into a chasm. Even Bousokoff had enough of war's alarms for one day, although, by that good luck which often struck me as so astonishing during the war, he, as well as nearly all the commando, escaped uninjured.

A "GROUSER"

In contrast to Bousokoff, I had another trooper, whom I shall call Andrew, quite as brave, quite as devoted a soldier, and quite as susceptible to the rapture of the strife, *certaminis gaudia*, which is the afflatus of the true warrior. Andrew, however, was not austere. Next to fighting he liked drinking, and he was a confirmed grumbler, or, as the men called it, "grouser."

Andrew's remarks would run like this: "Nice positions, and they expect us to hold these. But I suppose we must. I never criticise my superior officers. I never grouse. But the most elementary common-sense would tell a man that we should not have off-saddled where we did. As it is, we have to carry our things on our back up here."

I did not enlighten Andrew as to my reasons, and he added to the little group whom he was entertaining: "Well, we'll put up with it—I never was a grouser."

Andrew had a fine little horse which had been mine, and which I had given him as a mark of satisfaction. I asked him how it was getting on. He replied, "He's too small for me. He's a willing little horse, but not an animal for a trooper. I'd have told you about it, but I hate grousing."

I thereupon gave him a strong, upstanding horse, of which he was visibly proud. A few days after I asked him how he liked this one. Andrew replied, "He's a fine big horse, but his temper is very uncertain. No one in the brigade would have had him but me. You took my little Toby from me that I was so fond of—such a willing, good little beast, and so quick on his feet. That's the sort of a horse a man wants. But it's all right; I don't believe in grousing."

"Well, Andrew, you can have Toby back."

"Oh, no," replied the old trooper hastily, "I've got the gray now. I'll stick to him; I never criticise my superior officers."

Out on bivouac Andrew would cook a steak; if we could get fresh meat of that kind, or if not he would grill a choice piece of biltong and would bring me some tidbit, at the same time letting me know that he didn't believe in officers being served any better than the men.

"I quite agree with you, Andrew," I replied on one occasion. "We are all republicans here, and that is also my theory. I am glad to hear you say so."

"Oh, I don't say anything," responded the incorrigible Andrew. "It's not for me to criticise my superior officers."

The last day we were in Johannesburg Andrew slept outside the walls of the house which served as my quarters. This was partly out of respect to his superior officers, and partly because Andrew was intoxicated. He awoke early next morning, and came in to see me. His manner was greatly changed.

"Colonel," said he, "things are bad. Give me your hand, colonel. We might have hot work to day, but if you need a man count on old Andrew. My own old carcass isn't worth much now, and I am ready to die for you."

I looked at my old trooper sadly. He had ceased to "grouse," and nothing in my experience could tell me more poignantly that the cause we had fought for was lost, at least on those lines. I shook Andrew heartily by the hand; the tears were standing in his gray eyes, and one was trickling down his tawny beard. A moment after the alarm was sounded. We went through many perils that day, and Andrew paid the last forfeit that a brave man can pay to the cause of liberty.

A BEAUTIFUL HORSE

One man's especial business was to look after my horses. At whatever hour of the day or night I entered the lager Pete would come running up to meet me. He was a remarkably good judge of a horse, and I often used to ask his opinion in order to hear his happy phrases in describing them. One, he told me, was too much "like a buck." By this he meant that the animal would probably buck when I mounted. This was a beautiful young thoroughbred mare to which I had taken a great "fancy." She kicked me on the shin, and had it not been for my thick high boots would have broken my leg. But that was only nervousness. When I mounted her, she gave an exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling that disproved my theory that only Australian horses know how to buck. She fell to her knees, and sent me flying over her head on to mine. They were cut severely; also my head. But that was my fault. I had touched her with the spurs, and, besides, I should have stuck on. I had her caught, and I mounted her without spurs. She went beautifully, with that graceful swinging movement and light and dainty tread of which only such high-born dames possess the secret.

I had obtained possession of this filly just before our retreat to Laing's Nek, and throughout that terribly long journey, during which I had only four hours' sleep out of seventy-two, being in the saddle most of the time, she accompanied me, I frequently leading her by my side, while I rode some other horse. Altogether I rode six horses tired that trip. There were so many incidents on the road, the little beauty was so often scared, and so often found me protecting her, that before the end of the long ride she had grown as tame as a pet lamb. She would try to thrust her muzzle into my pocket, looking for bread—which, alas! was generally not there.

During that retreat we burned the dry grass on the veldt as we passed by. The clouds of smoke screened our forces from the observation of the English, and the burning of the grass forced them to carry the forage for their horses with them. At night these conflagrations had an indescribable effect. The fires spread out in oceans of red flames as far as the eye could reach on both sides of the narrow track along which passed our picturesque caravan. Sometimes at night, riding either forward or back from the main body, I have found myself with only one of my officers and our black boys in the midst of this strange Dantesque picture. The enemy was close behind. We might at any time be called on to face round to make a stand to stop his too rapid advance. And yet in the lurid night there was something essentially soothing in the regular cadence of the hoofbeats of our horses, and there seemed an incongruity in our tranquil conversation and the scene of conflict and slaughter that any moment might evoke. And then when I looked up to the infinite vault of heaven, to the myriad starry worlds strewn in that clear crystal sky, there surged in my mind a new and deeper apprehension, brought about by a thousand associations of the moment, of the saying of the great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, on which I had often before reflected: "Two things strike me with awe—the starry skies and the sense of moral responsibility in man."

1901 THE YEAR OF ROMANCE 1901

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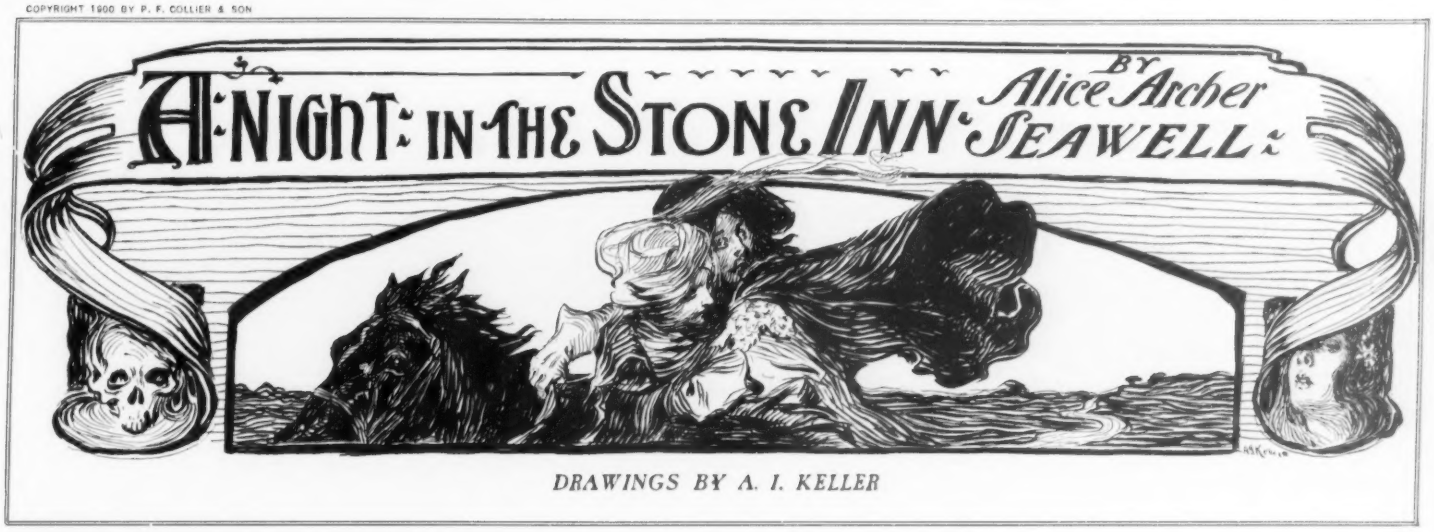

DRAWINGS BY A. I. KELLER

THERE IS A LONELY moor in Scotland. An old coach road skirts it, descending from a wild pass in the mountains known as Hell's Glen. The mountains that hold the road between their knees are without timber or flourishing growth of any kind, nor do they bear the usual gorse and heather. The barrenness of their sides seems to invite the shadows of clouds, and among the dark rocks there is no gathering of sheep, no human associations, not any conversation of brooks. The silence of the pass, and the greater stillness and desertion of the moorland into which it opens, can only be imagined by one who has travelled through it alone, and who has been aware that the very noise of his feet on the loose gravel was hushed. Then will he remember the gloom and the power of the dark scene, and the sense of fear that came over him.

Half way across the moor, which for a mile or two extended over a stretch of sodden black peat, there was, in the time of the border wars, a small stone inn for the accommodation of the mail coach which travelled thither once every month, or as frequently as the highwaymen and robbers, who at that period infested all public roads, would permit.

The inn was low and solid, appearing to be built for defence as well as hospitality. For this second purpose it seemed peculiarily ill provided, for there was no merry sign swinging over the door, nor gossip of servants, nor even so much as a host. In fact, between the visits of the mail coach it was deserted: a furnished harbor for man, bolted and barred against him, its deep doorways nests for wild animals, its windows dark, its chimneys without smoke, and its whole aspect one of frowning maliciousness in the desolation of the country.

Once a month, on the day that the coach was expected to descend from the pass, an old man came on foot from the opposite direction bearing a heavy bag on his back, which he took into the house, laid out therefrom the scant entertainment for the prospective guests and lighted a meagre fire in the old chimney-place. The coach having again sped on its way with the passengers unwarmed, uncomfortable and discontented, the old man put out the fire and also departed in silence. And neither the coming nor the going seemed to disturb the brooding mood of gloom which lived like a palpable presence in the house.

. . . . . .

It was in the early twilight of a March day that a rider descended from the pass. He rode quickly, and as if in fear of pursuit. Before him he held a woman closely wrapped in a cloak, and something in the hurry of the pair, in their manner of sitting the horse, and of turning their heads, as they often did, bespoke blitheness and youth.

The rider drew rein at the stone inn, dismounted, and assisted the woman to dismount. He then tried the door, and his impatience seemed to challenge the spirit of the place and the hour. The woman stood very straight, and a little, soft laugh that came from her lips seemed to give evidence that she was mocking while directing him. He went to the only window in the lower story of the house, and after some struggle he opened it and returned to her. Then followed a parley which, in its pleasant and even mirthful tone, defiantly disregarded the awfulness of the place and the solemnity of approaching night; and when he lifted her to the window, and entered rapidly after her, a glamour of love and gallantry almost like a visible halo entered with them, and left the moors to deeper gloom and desolation.

The room was dark and close into which they dropped from the window. He struck a light, moved to a table in the room and lighted a candle standing there. She had followed him, and he, turning round, brushed her skirts with his hand and took from her her heavy cloak. As he walked, the ring of large spurs on his buckskin riding boots and the glint of a gold fringe from beneath his riding cloak added to the peculiar fascination of his graceful personality. He had large, bold eyes, set in a thin, eager face, and his hair, damp and straight and black, hung to the edge of his lace collar.

The young woman, as she unwrapped sheath after sheath of delicate foldings from her, in her radiant beauty eclipsed the light of the candle like a torch lighted for a festival. Her eyes outshone the brightness of the candle, and, as it were, illuminated the darkness of the night through which she had come. Her hair was piled elaborately on her head and fastened with jewels. Her neck was bare; her white dress of satin and lace lay on her arms and shoulders like a frost. The audacity of her spirit expressed itself in every turn of her arms and hands as she folded the veils she had taken off, and stooped to blow the dust from the table where she might lay them. He had placed a chair for her, but she did not sit. She walked briskly about the room, casting a glamour wherever she went.

"How long will it be, Lord Joseph? What a strange place to find suddenly ready for one in the dark, candle and all, and pictures on the wall—and, verily, books to read! Oh, this is an adventure of rare merit! But mind, Joseph, I have promised nothing. I am not bound by anything, not even by my gratitude to you; for it is only proper that you should serve me so, being what I am."

Joseph remarked that it was only to be expected, and his eyes glittered.

"And you will go now," continued the lady, whose name was Isabel, "immediately; and you will tell me how soon—oh, how soon will you come again?"

"Are you afraid?" said Joseph.

"Afraid to return!" she replied: "and afraid lest he pursue me; and afraid, too, of the priest—for he would surely marry me to him this time—and afraid of the noise of the hautboys, and the eyes of the people, and the voice of my father! Why should a maid marry against her will?"

"She shall not," said Joseph.

"So you see that I am not at all afraid."

"I see," said Joseph. "It is I who am afraid. But have courage, madam, for I shall surely return by midnight. I will assist them to pursue you to the fork in the road behind us, and will send them on a false trail, God help 'em! I will escape their company to your ladyship here. By first dawn we shall be miles beyond their reach, and may the Holy Virgin and all the saints of flight assist us. And, ugh! it is cold, and I will light a fire for you! But on second thought I will not, for smoke would attract whatever wanderer should chance to pass. I beg of you therefore to cover yourself with your cloak again, as it will be much colder by midnight."

"I am not cold, and I want no fire!" said she with pertness. He smiled, and begged her to sit or to rest on the couch that was in the room. She replied that she had been sitting for miles on an uncomfortable saddle, and that she wished to walk.

"I will pace up and down till you come, and the candle shall keep my company."

"But the candle—madam!"

"Well, sir, what of the candle?"

"It must be extinguished. By it your beauty shines even now through the windows, a leading star for miles and miles!"

The lady blushed and pursed her lips. Then she burst into tears, and entreated him to stay, and then begged that he would take her with him. And then, when he reminded her of certain complications which need not be recorded in this tale, but which demanded his speedy reappearance at the wedding scene they had broken up, and urged her continued patience and trust in his faithfulness, she turned from him with a spirited sauciness, and with a flash of her sparkling and wilful beauty she suddenly stooped, with puffed cheeks, and blew out the candle.

And at the same time she extinguished, as it were, the light of herself, for immediately the darkness swallowed her. He moved to where she stood, feeling a heavy, almost a desperate, regret for the vision he had lost.

"You have blown out the candle before you have given me your hand," he said. "I accept your terms of my service and your freedom. It is enough for me to know that you love no one else."

"Do you know it?" she replied. "Go, go, Joseph! Here is my hand, and do not think I am a coward because I have wept. See, I have blown out the candle!"

He took her hand, but bent down and kissed her at the same moment. Then, trembling and nigh delirious, he turned and leaped from the window.

The lady walked with an uncertain step to the window, and watched him unfasten his horse. He was quite near to her, but they did not speak. When he was in the saddle he turned his face to her, and then immediately spurred away.

She watched him a moment, heaving with a vague desire to call back to her the thud of his hoofbeats, and was about to turn from the window into the room, when she saw, against the dim sky, a figure rise suddenly from the roadside, mount a horse with incredible rapidity, and follow in pursuit.

It seemed to her that the hills engulfed them both.

. . . . . .

When she turned from the window into the dark room the genial fire of her overflowing personality still dominated the empty place, and even spread abroad on to the moors. She seemed about to make for herself a home out of her own supply of good comfort. But it is an apparent fact that the work of man's hands partakes of the living spirit that fashioned it, and that the houses man has lived in suck into the timber and the joints and the very stones of the walls a dumb reflex of his passion and a warmth from his blood that molds them to his individuality. Thus old houses have often seemed kindly in their very frowns, and to smile with the accumulated years of happiness, and to be venerable and sacred from the heritage of human dignity that has passed into their walls. Then let not any one wonder that the presence of this deserted and inhospitable house in which the Lady Isabel found herself was so vital and so impressive that after a few moments she began to feel herself surrounded with ungentleness. The darkness had no noises of obvious and cheering life. Settled desertion lay on the furniture and slept in the unlighted hearth. The open doors into the other rooms seemed open for no use, and the thresholds for no feet of human beings. The sap of man's existence had dried up in the house, and left a vacant hole. The place was a skeleton that made the coach visitors shiver even in the daytime, and it was a cave for unearthly sounds and fear at night. By virtue of a long divorce from its natural uses in the service of man, the building had, little by little, assumed a perverted personality of its own, which grew with the nightly and yearly impression of the surrounding mountains, till it became an unchangeable form of gloom; and its interior soul, so utterly sinister that no one entered its doors without feeling it with a shudder, became as the very breath of evil.

Lady Isabel was growing overwhelmed, as it seemed to her, with the weight of the roof. Her own strong vitality could not conquer the sombre heaviness that surrounded her. She began to be afraid of the open doors, which she could barely see yawning in the dark, and, feeling still a warm and human atmosphere in the spot where she had talked with Lord Joseph, she remained there upright and staring. But by degrees, as her thoughts brought back to her his face and shape, and his sudden kiss, she became dreamy, and forgot the spirit of the house. And in a pleasant mood of love and security she moved to the couch he had directed her to, and determined to sleep till he should come. The excitement of the day and the tumult of the emotions through which she had passed had wearied her; and so, having parted the curtains that hung before the couch, she crept guilelessly into its dark embrace, gathered her wedding skirts about her feet, and put her two hands under her cheek. Heaven has protected many such another innocent.

But while she slumbered the moors stared in at the window, and the continued presence of the empty rooms disturbed her. She woke with a distinct sensation of fear. For a moment all seemed the same as when she had fallen asleep, but presently she became aware of a slight movement near her. In suspense she listened, and though convinced of its actuality, could neither locate nor explain the sound, and in a sudden and unreasoning terror she buried her face in her arms. When she lifted it she beheld a man in the room between her and the window, which she remembered was open. He was crouching on the floor, half turned toward the window, and was absolutely motionless. In a moment she heard the thud of approaching hoofbeats. Her heart rose, and then sank immediately as, with a furious clamor, the horseman dashed past the inn and up the road. In wonder she lay motionless, and watched the man. He seemed to listen a moment. Then he softly and quickly rose, and she noticed that he held something in his hand. It was large, round, and heavy. He looked about as if searching for a spot where to leave it, and having placed it on the table without a sound, jumped lightly through the window. She heard the faint whinny of a horse, and then another clatter of galloping hoofs that died away in the distance.

And now she was left alone again with the desolate moors and the vacant room.

But there was something in the room.

. . . . . .

Isabel knew that never again, unless merciful Heaven interfered, could she take her eyes away from the thing. In the light of the pale square of the window against which it stood she could see that it was wrapped in a heavy cloth, but carelessly, so that it hung loose at the bottom. There was no unevenness in the form of it. Not a wrinkle over any hidden molding of it but fascinated her gaze. She sat on the edge of the couch, her hands clasped, leaning forward and panting slightly. And through the silence of the room, the silence of all the other rooms around her of which she knew nothing, the silence that was so ancient that no man could disturb it, the silence that was so powerful that it was unlike sleep or even death, but forever watching and leaning and brooding—through that silence she heard a sound which she recognized. And with the sureness of premonition her eyes found what she knew they must find: a thin, dark stream issuing from beneath the cloth and falling, drop by drop, into a little pool on the floor.

All life had changed. There was nothing in the world but herself and that one draped form; there was no room in all the realm of thought for other feeling, or for movement, or for speech, while it stood there on the table, facing her. The walls and the roof of the house seemed to press her toward it, and the presence of the house to lean over and embrace it. Her lips were dry and her blood was frozen, and she could not move her eyes from the shape before her. As if by the means of some outer sense she heard a creature move in the embrasure of the doorway, and from a distance came the howl of a wild animal alone on the mountains. All the fears which

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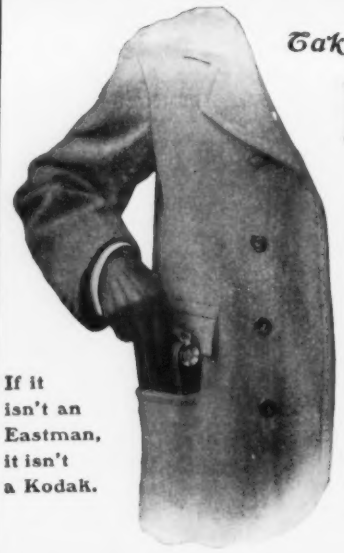

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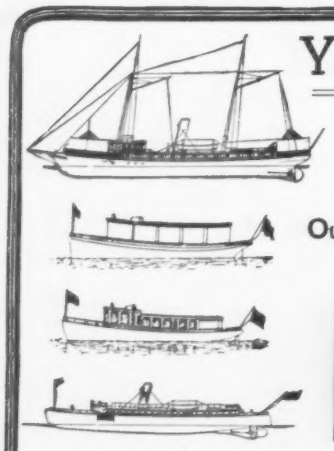

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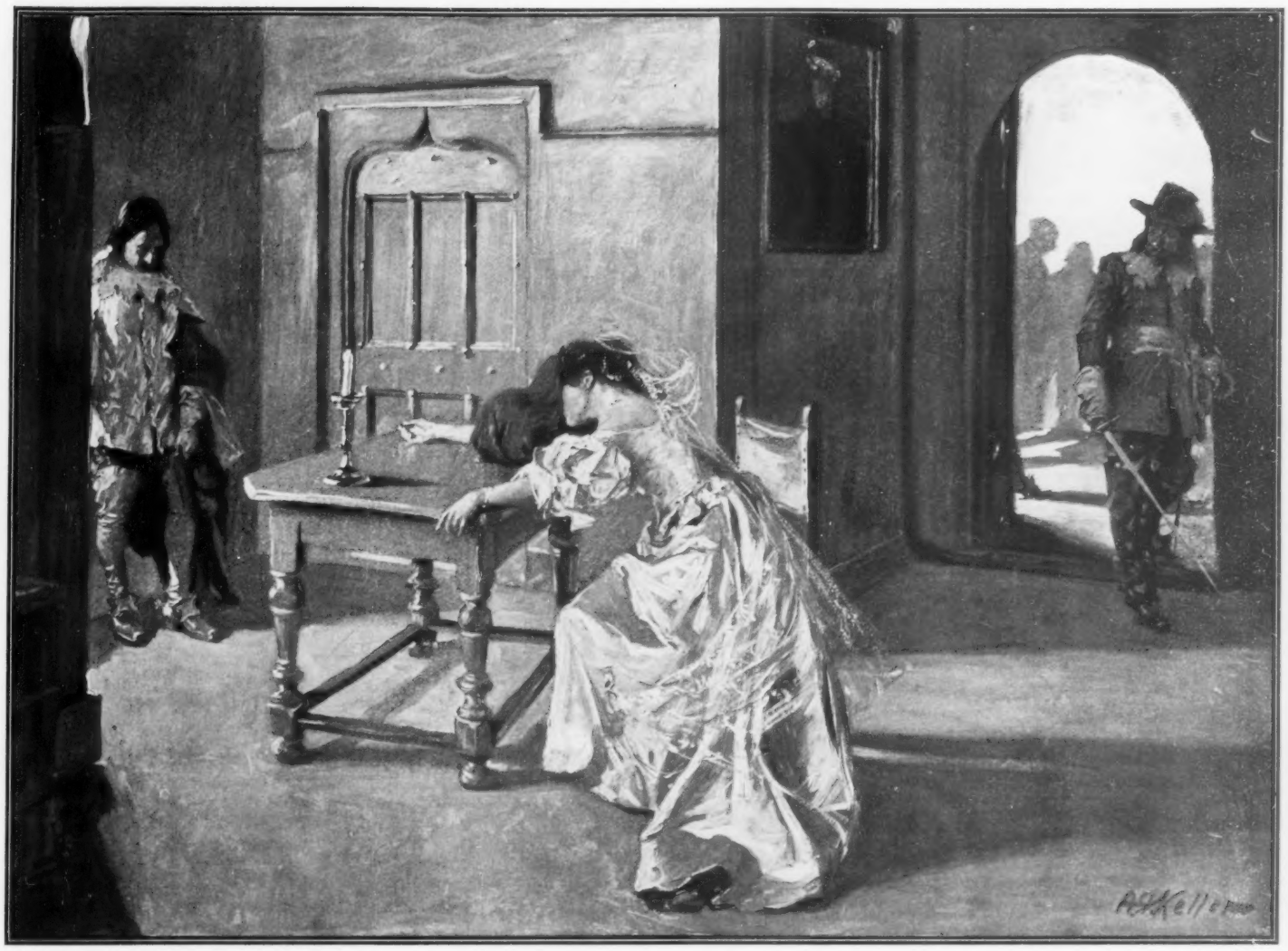


THE CLOTH FROM THE DEAD FACE HAD BEEN SLIGHTLY LIFTED. . . BENEATH IT, HER LIPS WERE PRESSED TO THE DEAD LIPS

she had expressed to Lord Joseph, all the whimsical and all the worthy actions of her life, were forgotten in a supreme passion of terror. And when, with a soft leap, a black wildcat poised herself on the window-sill with glaring eyes, Isabel's only desire was that the beast should not disturb her or come between her and the thing on the table. The wildcat disappeared, and again there was no sound but the irregular dripping of the blood upon the floor.

She did not look at the pool upon the floor, but only at the infolded face, and the place where she divined the eyes. And while she gazed, her mind, working with tremendous clearness and energy, brought back to her every detail of the flight from the wedding: the very somnolence of the mountains through which they sped, the rigid pressure of Joseph's arms as, in his excitement, he held her before him, and the labored breathing of the horse; and then every word of their conversation before he kissed her. When she came to the kiss in her thoughts, she leaned slightly forward. The man who had risen from the side of the road had mounted and pursued. He had attacked him from behind, he had dragged him from his horse; and, being well paid, she knew, he had committed a deed there in the dark of the mountains with the result of which he had returned to her. He had left it with her, ignorant of the fitness of his act, and she and Joseph were alone together again, and she knew that she must go to him.

A slight sob shook her. This agitation of her breast relieving her frozen tension, she began to move, to rise. Her veils, which she had twisted around her against the chill of the room, fell from her and caught by the curtains, and her long hair, loosened during sleep, suddenly unrolled and lay on her bare breast. And, like a winding wreath of fair and exquisite beauty, she trailed across the space between her and the table. There she sank upon a chair and spread out her arms toward it. Oh, love! Oh, horror! If she could only touch it! She leaned her cheek on her arm, her own face on a level with the hidden one and very near it.

As she rested thus, gradually she became aware of the lighting of the sky. Morning was coming. Midnight, the hour of her appointment with Joseph, had passed. She lay in a kind of content along the table, and in the quickening light saw that the cloth the thing was wrapped in was a coarse neckerchief with blue in the plaid. The looseness of it at the bottom had long fascinated her, and now she could not take her eyes from that place. It would be easy to approach; her hand was not far from it. She had mocked him, and in her security of the future she had postponed her happiness. All the world had stood between them, and now all the world had dropped into a gulf, and she belonged to him against all recall of life, against the sun that was coming—and she would kiss his lips.

In the act of lifting the kerchief for that purpose she need not see the dreadful face. She edged yet closer, and shut her eyes in a strange languor of awful bliss.

Her fingers touched the cloth with the blue plaid.

. . . . . .

The sun stood up above the hills, and a young man drew rein at the door of the stone inn. His horse was sweating, his apparel was soiled with a night of riding, and his face was thin and eager. While still in the saddle he whistled. There being no reply, he dismounted and began to unstrap a large bundle of woman's gear from the saddle-bow. He also arranged a cushion fastened there. A wildcat suddenly leaped up from a nest of grass in the doorway and disappeared over the moor. The first whirr of life was returning to the marshes. The odors of morning blew to the young man as he turned to the window, and with the same humor of festivity that had marked his behavior and appearance the night before, he paused to straighten the tie of lace at his throat, and bent once to each side to look at his jewelled knee-buckles. Then he put his hand on the window sill. "She is asleep," he said; "I shall embarrass her." But having whistled again with no response, he remembered the kiss he had given her, and sprang through the window.

At that moment down the pass of Hell's Glen there galloped a cavalcade of armed men, and seeing the riderless horse at the door of the stone inn they halted immediately.

The leader, a gaunt and grizzled individual, advanced alone. He dismounted and examined the horse tied there and the woman's apparel; also the cushion. An old man, approaching from the opposite direction with a large pack on his back, questioned him, but to no more purpose than that the face of the old man turned livid with fear. He shoved aside with his foot the nest of grass in the doorway, and put the key in the keyhole. But the sun at that moment going under a cloud, a palpable gloom was shed over the men at the door, and the hand of the old man trembled so greatly that he released the key to the officer. The officer jerked the door open and flung it back. But the atmosphere of the house, that mute presence of fearfulness which impressed all who entered it, so overcame him that with an impulse unreasonable and sudden he stepped back and drew his sword. There being no sound at all in the building, he summoned the soldiers to approach behind him. Then, doubtful and dreading, he prepared to enter.

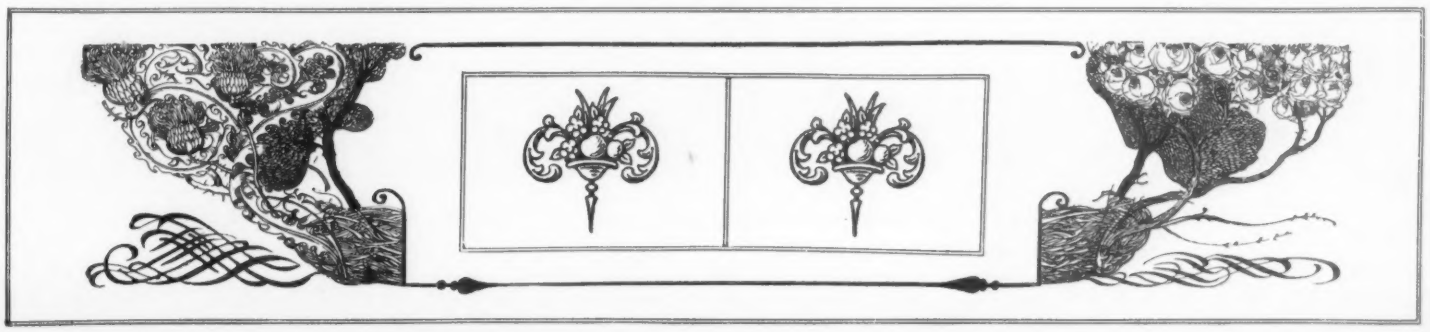
The men left their saddles quietly—so quietly that in the still air there was scarcely the jangle of a spur—and stood crowded about the doorstep, awaiting with drawn swords they knew not what, when, from a room at the side, there suddenly appeared a young man. He was dressed as for a fine ceremony, and had on jewelled knee-buckles. He staggered a little as he came out, and closed the door after him. Immediately he saw the soldiers and the drawn swords. With no word or sign he rushed forward, fell upon them, and died on the breast of a footman.

. . . . . .

When the door which Joseph had closed was opened, they discovered a plain room with a dishevelled couch where veils were clinging. And in the centre stood a table, over which lay, in the morning sun, a beautiful woman in wedding clothes, holding in her arms the bloody head of a man. The cloth from the dead face had been slightly lifted, so that it fell partly over her own; beneath it, her lips were pressed to the dead lips.

It was the head of the bridegroom.

THE END



THE "SKYLINE" OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM THE NEW JERSEY SHORE OF THE HUDSON RIVER,

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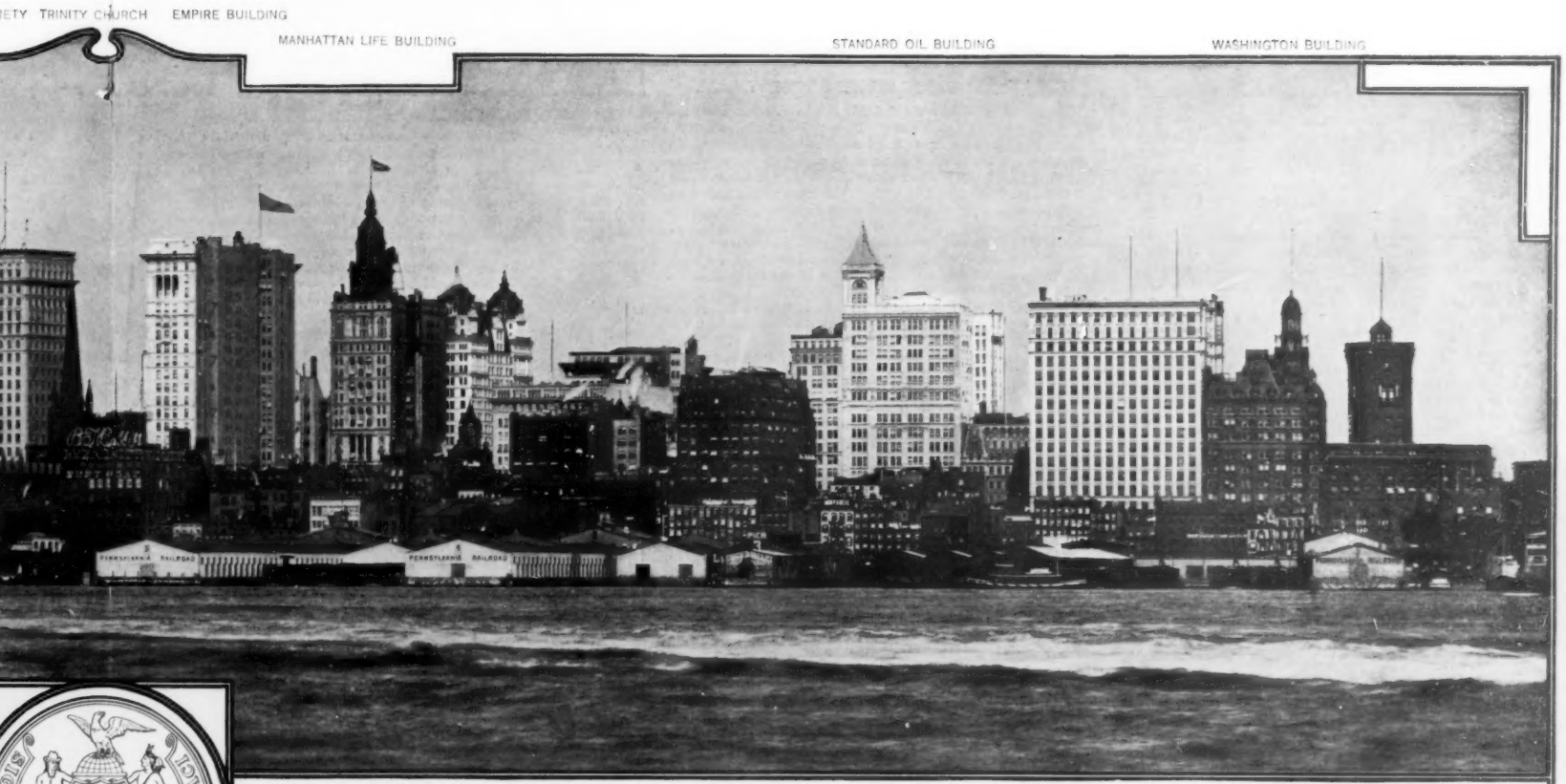
HOW NEW YORK AND THE HARBOR APPEAR FROM THE TOP OF THE ST. PAUL BUILDING (THE STRUCTURE S

A WONDERFUL PROFILE PHOTOGRAPH OF NEW YORK



SHOWING THE MARVELLOUS PROFILE OF THE CITY FROM PARK ROW TO THE BATTERY

UCTURE SHOWN IN THE LEFT OF THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY TOWARD THE BATTERY

YORK AND A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE "SKYSCRAPERS"

WASHINGTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The Editor begs to announce that Mr. Walter Wellman, Journalist and Arctic Explorer, will act as Washington correspondent of* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *during the sittings of Congress. Comment is hardly necessary on a writer whom public men and other journalists are accustomed to speak of as the leader among that brilliant corps—the Washington correspondents.*

In Washington there are two sorts of newspaper men: One, that does nothing but get news; the other, that writes letters. Mr. Wellman will do both. He will not only know what is going on as soon as any one, or sooner, but will write about it; not only give the facts, but explain the facts, interpret them, give their bearing and values. The successful Washington correspondent of to-day must know men and measures; the politics of his own country and of all countries; diplomacy as well as domestic affairs; history, human nature, the world, and women. The successful correspondent is not an actor; he is licensed to both sit in front and go behind the scenes; he knows a lot more than he dare tell, but what he does tell must be truthful, wholesome, timely and well told. That this most difficult of all journalistic assignments will be perfectly filled by one who has written steadily on American politics, legislation and public men for the past twenty years our readers may rest assured.

THE AWAKENING OF THE CAPITAL

AGAIN the beautiful capital of the great American Republic is taking on its smartest air. The hotels are crowded. Up and down the sunny thoroughfares walk or ride so many famous men and women that one's head is kept turning this way or that every moment. Congress is about to meet, and in a day or two "the season" will be in full bloom. Already the statesmen are here. They flit about the streets in long coats and top hats; they fill the hotel lobbies with smoking, gossiping groups. The Republicans are still handshaking and smiling over the elections. They feel very good. For a fortnight there has been a steady stream of "distinguished visitors" to the White House; they go there ostensibly to congratulate the President upon his re-election, and incidentally to mention how nobly each and every one of them, by his wisdom, wiles or eloquence, carried the country and saved the day. The President is said to pause now and then to ask himself if he had anything to do with it. If one may judge aright by appearances the Democrats are not much cast down. They are not shedding any tears. They laugh and smile and crack their jokes with their friends the victors. One wonders if many of these Democratic Senators and Representatives really had their hearts in the campaign. Or is all this lightness and badinage simply a manifestation of that fine American spirit we hear so much about—the good sporting blood which runs strong in our race and enables us to win or lose with equal gracefulness?

Of course, there is something serious behind the shining face. There always is with Americans. We are a practical, a business, an intense people. Politics and government are never a mere holiday with us. We play at playing, but we are ever at work. So now the statesmen of the rival parties are looking to the future. The Republicans feel a sense of responsibility. They feel it keenly. In all my experience at Washington I have never known the leading men of a successful party to have a sharper appreciation of the burden placed upon their shoulders by a national triumph. The President himself has sounded the keynote for the winter's work. It is conservatism, moderation, caution. I called at the White House a few days ago and had a talk with the President. Among the things he said to me was this:

"I am deeply sensible of the fact that I have been re-elected not by one party alone, but by the best men of all parties."

"CONSERVATIVE LEGISLATIVE PLANS"

That statement signifies a good deal. How much it signifies we may understand when we remember the President has followed it with an effort to practice what he preaches, to lay out a policy in accordance therewith. To all the leaders of his party in Senate and House Mr. McKinley has given this advice: "Conservative and careful legislation this winter, please. No extravagance, no militarism, no imperialism, no favoritism to special classes, no sectionalism, no extreme partisanism." If Mr. McKinley has his way—and every one who has watched the wheels go round in Washington knows he gets it in about ninety-nine cases out of a possible hundred—the Republicans in Congress will be models of wisdom and propriety during the session now about to begin.

It is just the other sort of thing the Democrats are counting on. That is one reason why they are so buoyant. They make no sort of doubt that the Republicans, puffed up and insolent with success, will go to all manner of extremes; that they will assume the vote of confidence which the country has given them is ample license for every variety of extravagance and favoritism. These Democrats remember the past; and in that remembrance they find hope for the future. They believe the Republicans will hang themselves with the long light of rope which the people have placed in their hands. But President McKinley, aware of these Democratic expectations, plans to disappoint them. He wants to go down in history not only as the first of the White House line to defeat the same rival twice running, but as the President strong enough to keep his party in power in time of peace even after he himself steps down to private life. Here we come square upon the great underlying spirit of the Washington life of this winter, the *motif* of the current political and legislative drama. No sooner is one Presidential campaign out of the way than the scheming and planning is begun for the next. Before 1900 has passed we are looking forward to 1904!

But it is one thing to plan and another to perform. Sometimes the players become unruly and make a mess of things. The most interesting feature of the winter at Washington is to be the success or failure of the present Republican plans for conservative action. The Democrats think the talk of moderation nothing but talk, a blind, a cover; and that actually the dominant party will proceed to follow what they, the Democrats, regard as the inherent and inevitable Republican tendency—to become more and more the party of the corporations, the trusts, money, plutocracy; to create a big army, to punish the South for its disfranchisement of the negro, to establish a colonial system based upon commercialism and amounting almost to imperialism, and, above all, to pass the shipping subsidy bill.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE SUBSIDY BILL

Without much doubt the subsidy bill is going to have the centre of the field this winter. It is to be on the rush-line. Many men of both parties look upon it as the final test of all these virtuous preliminary professions of the dominant party. This subsidy bill is a curious phase of our current national life and thought. Some of our most highly respected economists praise it as all that is wise and wholesome; others, quite as able and authoritative, denounce it as everything that is bad, as robbery, as a cunning scheme to enrich the few at the expense of the many. In Congress the contradictions are quite as striking, but more complicated. Most of the Democrats are opposed to the bill as a violation of the cardinal principles of democracy, and, they believe, of American government. At the same time there are Democrats who condemn the principle, but are for the measure as a practical device for building up the American merchant marine. Per contra, there are Republicans who favor the principle, but are suspicious of the method. There are other Republicans who uphold both principle and method, but who fear the effect—are afraid of public opinion.

The greatest force behind the shipping bill is Senator Hanna. Take him away and there would not be much left. Mr. Hanna says he will pass the bill, and he usually achieves what he sets out for. But big and powerful as he is—and never more powerful in Washington than he is at this moment—he is confronted by opposition within his party. There are Republicans who say the party cannot afford to go into this sort of an experiment; it would please the Democrats too well, because it is precisely what the Democrats are hoping for. They say, too, that all the shipyards of America are now crowded with orders, and that if left alone the merchant marine problem is likely to solve itself; that if Congress is to do anything it should take down the bars so that Americans may buy vessels where they like and ship crews where they choose. American shipbuilders, they contend, have fully demonstrated their ability to take care of themselves without these protective measures.

It is already apparent that the industrial and speculative worlds are watching the subsidy bill with almost painful interest. The understanding here is that big projects are to be worked out if the bill passes—transportation lines to be consolidated, new ones to be established, steamships to be built, and Wall Street values to go up or down, according to the fate of the measure.

WHY SECRETARY ROOT WENT TO CUBA

It was not the state of his health, but the state of Cuba, that led Secretary Root to pay his recent visit to our dependent isle. He wanted to see how his Cuban programme was coming along, for the Administration has a Cuban programme, worked out in principle and detail, and Mr. Root is the father of it. The scheme is to induce the Cuban Constitutional Convention to do what we want it to do, and at the same time to believe that it is doing what it wants to do; and the scheme is working very well. What the Administration wants and intends to have is this:

A Cuban republic of limited powers; a Cuban nation that shall be virtually sovereign over its domestic affairs, but which internationally shall be an American State; a Cuban government whose foreign relations are to be managed at Washington, not at Havana; a Cuban republic without the power to conclude a treaty except through and with the aid and consent of the United States, and therefore a republic that cannot become a member of the family of the nations, but must remain under the protecting wing of the great American eagle; an autonomous Cuba, as Canada is autonomous, but a dependency of the United States as the Dominion is a dependency of the British Empire.

The queer thing about this Cuban programme is that Secretary Root and his skilful agent, Governor Wood, have for a long time been shaping and molding to this end, driving slowly and cautiously, but unerringly, to their mark; and even at this late day neither Cuba nor the United States appears to be more than half aware of what is going on; for both in the island and this country public men and the public press continue to talk of the days when Cuba is to be an internationally sovereign power, while the blunt truth is Cuba is not to be a sovereign power at all, but a self-governing colony of the American Republic.

Thus we are coming to a true colonial system faster than most people are aware of. I wonder whether the Republicans in Congress will this winter have the courage of their convictions and dare to speak the word "colonies" straight out. Before election they were afraid even to whisper it under their breath.

A CASE OF "MUST" IN HAVANA

Secretary Root has reported to the President, as Governor Wood had done before him, that the Constitutional Convention is likely to adopt this policy as its own, and also agree to the American requirements that limitations shall be placed upon the debt-incurring power of the new government, and that for a time at least the United States shall by stipulation retain possession of the principal port fortifications of the island. In this way, and this way only, the leading men of Cuba are coming to perceive, can they secure the very thing which the United States intervened to give them, to wit, a stable and enduring government.

But suppose the Constitutional Convention refuses to put all these things in the organic act which they are preparing, and instead stand out for an absolutely independent Cuba—then what? Why, in that case there will be no change. The present status will have to continue, and this convention or another convention will have to try again. President McKinley will not take his hand off Cuba till he is assured peace and order and stability are to follow. A constitution unacceptable to him can neither become operative in Cuba nor get before the American Congress for ratification. The President is master of the situation, and the Cubans, under the gentle tutelage of Governor Wood, are beginning to see it.

But the members of the Constitutional Convention are in no hurry to finish their work. They are having a splendid time quarrelling among themselves, and no one expects to see the Cuban question get before Congress in any practical way at this session.

WALTER WELLMAN.

LONDON

THE SOUTH AFRICAN "BUTCHER BILL"

FOLLOWING the vociferous welcome of the City Imperial Volunteers, come tidings from South Africa at which the hardiest optimism droops its head. Not only is it impossible to say that the war is yet over, but its end can by no means be foreseen. During October, 15 officers and 152 men have been killed by the foe; 43 officers and 467 men have been wounded, and out of these three officers and 68 men have died from the effects of their wounds. No less than 85 men, meanwhile, have been taken prisoners, besides six officers. Whole losses—758. But this is not all. 367 men have been swept away by that insatiate besom called "enteric." This runs the list up to 70 officers and 1,087 men! But there is still more to tell. 96 officers and 2,777 men have been invalided home during the month just past. And yet (it is lamented in certain quarters) England hears the piteous fabrication that Lord Roberts has terminated the war. Nobody, rings the despairful answer, has yet terminated it. Still it rages, and the outlook wears a thickening, not thinning, gloom. One Radical journal here invariably refers to the monthly list of casualties as "Chamberlain's Butcher Bill." It is certain that of late the Boers have reoccupied some of their abandoned towns, and reinvaded Natal, Cape Colony, Rhodesia and Bechuanaland. Lord Roberts declared, during the term of the general election, that he would soon return. Does he fear to leave his post now that affairs have grown so critical? The illness of his daughter, too, may end fatally. He is very heroic, but would not such a calamity, coming so soon after the death of his son, prove more than even his virile nerves could bear? England should earnestly pray for his continued fortitude, since she now needs it, one might say, with undiminished urgency.

SENDING OLD BROOMS TO PARLIAMENT

It is rather wittily observed that the Ministerialists have been wanting a clean sweep in the Cabinet offices now that Toryism has resecured itself at the polls, but that the way to bring about a clean sweep is not to send back the old broom. Beyond doubt the old broom *has* been sent back, if we shut our eyes to a few changes in one or two of its wisps. The Prime Minister held, it will be remembered, a double position. Besides being Premier he was also Foreign Secretary. He has renounced this latter dignity, and in favor of Lord Lansdowne, former Minister for War. Now it cannot be denied that Lord Lansdowne has given great dissatisfaction in his previous place. His own party accused him, in scores of newspapers, of having committed many blunders and shown a masterly incompetence for many months. Nor has Lord Salisbury's decisive action caused Conservatism to bury its hatchet. On the contrary, it is still fiercely flourished. The "Times," however, that arch-organ of Toryism, is damningly amiable—one can call it nothing else. "After all," concludes this journal, "Lord Lansdowne *was not a very great failure at the War Office!*" One can fancy Lord Lansdowne writhing more under this irony, whether conscious or unconscious on the part of the "Times," than under open abuse from less lofty sources. It certainly does appear odd that so many persons have voted a confidence vote in the Government which they had long so roundly scolded and abused. "For the rest," remarks an able Opposition sheet, "it looks as if Lord Salisbury's object had been to reconstruct his Cabinet with the least possible disturbance of the old lines. It will be the same family party. There will be a few younger faces, but they will all have the same family features."

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

True, the kaleidoscope has merely, in the main, shifted its fragments, forming a new arabesque. Mr. St. John Brodrick, who succeeds the War Secretary of yesterday, has been called the man of the moment. He is about eight-and-forty, and has a rather strong parliamentary record. He is the eldest son of Viscount Midleton, and would doubtless take by courtesy his father's second title of Lord Brodrick, were it not that this peer holds under this title his seat in the House of Lords. His career at Oxford was distinguished, and he married a daughter of Lord Wemyss in 1880. . . Mr. Goschen (whose name is so familiar to American ears) has been succeeded as First Lord of the Admiralty by the Prime Minister's son-in-law, the Earl of Selborne. This nobleman is of "new creation," although he wedded the daughter of an ancient house. He is a Liberal Unionist. He has a reputation for modesty. When made Baron Selborne in 1872, it is stated that he desired still to retain his seat in the House of Commons. "I am a peer of the realm," he averred, "but I am not a lord of Parliament." Nevertheless, the Speaker made a different ruling. . . Mr. Ritchie, the new Home Secretary (often a most trying and burdensome occupation), is well over sixty. He is named, and aptly, the business man of the Cabinet. He has successfully administered, during five years past, two great business institutions—the Local Government Board and the Board of Trade. . . His predecessor, Sir Matthew White Ridley, is a notable county magnate in Northumberland, and though already fifth baronet of his line, will probably be rewarded by a peerage on his retirement from public service. . . The Marquis of Lansdowne (so well remembered in the United States as Governor-General of Canada) needs no new distinction, since even as high a one as Foreign Secretary could not add to his personal honors. He has been for six years a Knight of the Garter; he is fifth Marquis; he is thrice an Earl, twice a Viscount, thrice a Baron, and his family dates back to the eleventh or tenth century, if not further still. He is sixty-five years old, and married a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn. Some of the hardest political knocks which he has ever received have come to him lately, at the beginning of his old age, when "maladministration," and even "imbecility" as well, have been hooted at him incessantly during the South African campaign. But with characteristic obstinacy—and shall we add with characteristic respect for patrician birth and wealth handsomely allied?—Lord Salisbury has insisted on retaining him in the ultra-Tory Cabinet of 1901.

THE CENSUS AGITATION

The results of our Yankee census have attracted marked notice here. It is the fashion in England to praise us as a nation, as I need scarcely point out. Our future, though

admitted to be mysterious, is vaguely denominated as "magnificent." The Briton looks with every sign of awesome homage upon our extraordinary increase during the few past decades. He avoids mentioning, as a rule, that about half the population of Ireland has immigrated to our cities, our seaboards and our prairies, and leaves one dubious as to whether this subject affects him either pleasurably or with pain. It is claimed here that all Great Britain heartily congratulates us on the prospect of multiplied grandeur in years yet unborn. The validity of this claim I see no reason for doubting, and the more observers who can conscientiously express themselves after such fashion the better promise for human civilization hereafter. France, I hear it commented, *apropos* of our own census, has shown an augment of population curiously behind that of the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Russia.

THE C. I. V. RIOT

The really shocking and distressing exhibitions of October 29—that lurid day when the City Imperial Volunteers marched through London on their return from the Cape—have been made a theme for enormous reproach. As an evidence of the disgust with which many a Londoner still surrounds this phenomenal Monday, the following letter, just received from a clever friend in Kensington, may be at least partially cited. "The thought of you, suffering over there near populous Oxford and Regent Streets on a night of hideous Cockney riot," Mr. Blank writes to me, "turns my attention toward my writing case. We went forth to-day in a cab—the whole family—to take possession of a window at the end of Park Lane. Believe me, the thought of that eligible window alone justified the exodus! I, at least, never reached it. Battered, overtrampled, I got there when the soldiers had passed. Thank Heaven, my mother, little M—— and my wife got there somehow, anyhow. M—— was white with fear, and my mother almost fainting. A British crowd is awful, so good-humored and so entirely brutal. The Jews, watching the Crucifixion with jests, must have been somewhat of to-day's stamp. . . The C. I. V.'s were a company of sunburned, *louches* young men, utterly uninteresting, but, let us suppose, brave. They had helped to smash two little Republics, and so the people cheered."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne aids to digest your food, no dinner table should be without it.

Send to the dining car buffet for Saratoga Arondack Water. There is no other water so pure and sparkling. You will like it.

Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having it. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.

That Little Book

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

SENT FREE AND PREPAID.

To cure chronic indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine FREE and PREPAID to any reader of Collier's Weekly. It is a specific for all kidney, bladder and prostate troubles, and one dose a day cures.

If you will take a Parker Fountain Pen
Before retiring (to your private den);
Be sure you will find it easier to think.
Your thoughts will smoothly flow. So will the ink. No. 020, special value, $2.50. Booklet tells. Write for it. Parker Pen Company, 18 Mill St., Janesville, Wisconsin.

THE POULTRY DOCTOR.

If interested in Poultry, send 25 cents in Postage Stamps to Associated Fanciers, 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, for new book on diseases of poultry. Concise, terse and lucid. Of great value to fancier and breeder. Shows how to manage and rear fowls, how to detect different ailments, how to treat them by either allopathic or homœopathic remedies. From the pen of Mr. John E. Diehl, one of the highest authorities.

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Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 835 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IF you look at a dozen common lamp-chimneys, and then at Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," you will see the differences—all but one—they break from heat; Macbeth's don't; you can't see that.

Common glass is misty, milky, dusty; you can't see through it; Macbeth's is clear.

Tough, clear glass is worth fine work; and a perfect chimney of fine tough glass is worth a hundred such as you hear pop, clash on the least provocation.

Our "Index" describes *all* lamps and their *proper* chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it.

Address MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

USE Pearline once-ALWAYS

"IT'S NOT BIRTH,

Nor Wealth, Nor State, but 'Git Up and Git' That Makes Man Great."

This is the motto on the letter head of a well-known grocery firm in Watertown, N. Y., Fred B. Bush & Co., and is indicative of the character of the men. Mr. Bush himself had quite an experience with food in relation to health, as he was refused insurance three years ago because the examining physician found he had Bright's disease and could only live a short time at the best.

"My own physician suggested that I make a radical change in diet. About that time my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food, and I began with doctor's permission to use this food. Of course I had been forbidden the use of sugar or starchy food, but my doctor knew that Grape-Nuts was composed of the starch of wheat and barley transformed into grape sugar and in this condition is easily digested.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has been a constant dish at my table for three years. I have taken no medicine during this time and I am now strong and healthy and capable of doing a hard day's work every day."

So much for pure food, properly selected and perfectly cooked by experts at the factory. There is not a single disease in the category of human ills but what can be helped by the use of pure food of this character, and most of the ordinary diseases can be cured.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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The **Stallman Dresser Trunk** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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$10 to $100 a month GAINED

on horses by the Goodyear-Akron perfect . . . . .

Rubber Shoe

$1.50 a pair complete ready for use

$1.50 a pair complete ready for use

Halves

shoeing bills, DOUBLES horses' work-value. Slipping absolutely impossible. They improve his action and looks. They increase a horse's selling price. They make life and work more pleasant for him. They are "wings" for a horse's feet. Whether you own one or a hundred horses you should have at once the facts about the Goodyear-Akron Shoes. Every day you delay costs you horse value and shoeing bills. A Goodyear-Akron Shoe is a combination of iron with a peculiar sort of rubber pad that wears better than steel. It is a new production of rubber which no other manufacturer in the world can produce. It is a miracle for Horse Shoes.

An Offer

Send your name and address for our book "Horse Sense on Horses' Feet." Sent free—no charge.

Send your name and address for our book "Horse Sense on Horses' Feet." Sent free—no charge.

Set your horse's hoof on a piece of paper, draw outline of hoof with pencil, mail to us and we will send you prepaid a pair for front feet complete ready for use on receipt of $1.50. Try them, and if in eight weeks they are not considered simply a boon to both horse and driver, and a great saving in shoeing bills, and a thing you wish never to be without, we will refund your $1.50 in full. Certainly this is a proposal which speaks for itself, and it is made by

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AKRON, OHIO.

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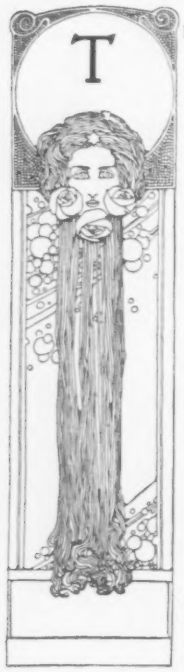
FROM A *WOMAN'S* VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



OVER THE TEACUPS

THE CUSTOM of five o'clock tea, a matter of course in English households, is establishing itself among us not merely as a function for the entertainment of afternoon callers, but as part of the daily routine. Dinner is necessarily a late meal, taken at seven or eight o'clock, no earlier hour giving the men of the house time to come home from business and dress for the evening. The interval between luncheon and dinner is long, and at five o'clock most women feel the better for a biscuit, a bit of thin bread and butter, a cup of tea, and a little social chat, after which they may rest, so that they will arrive at the gates of the evening refreshed and animated, instead of jaded and worn out. The low tea-table, with its copper kettle brightly burnished, its dainty array of delicate cups and saucers, its tea-caddy filled with the family's favorite blend, its sugar bowl, cream pitcher and cozy, is in itself a homely picture, suggesting domestic peace. A daughter of the house or a maid in cap and apron is ready to pass the cups to the circle gathered informally in the drawing-room, a circle composed of the members of the household only, if no friends have happened in. Frequently at five o'clock, an intimate friend or two, an acquaintance belated in her shopping, a lady returning from a matinée, or any one closely related to the family, stops for a social half hour, if the house be open and cordial in its ordinary hospitality.

Tea-making is a graceful accomplishment. To have the water freshly drawn and just brought to the point of boiling, to know the precise strength of your tea, to let the leaves steep only two or three minutes, and to pour and serve hot, with cream or lemon, as preferred—there is the whole matter in a nutshell. The smallest possible dash of rum improves the flavor if lemon be taken with the tea.

The English never omit their mid-afternoon refection, and one often sees in London the laden tray carried to shops and offices, where the man of affairs intermits his work for a few minutes that he may drink tea.

WOMEN TOGETHER

IF THERE still survive any one who recalls the ancient days when illustrated papers made fun of women left to their own devices, and longing for the advent of a man on the scene, that gray and withered observer must be impressed with the contrast of to-day as opposed to the past. Women have charming times together. Witness any club breakfast or luncheon; witness especially such an occasion as a great State Federation affords. When recently the women of New York congregated in Albany for their annual confab, that dignified capital seemed to bloom with youth and beauty, for the oldest matrons shared the gayety of the youngest, and a host of well-dressed, happy, eager, and interested ladies taking possession of a city for several days added greatly to its gayety. Women have good times when they are together, quite independent of men, and, for the occasion, finding the presence of the other sex superfluous.

HOLIDAY SHOPPING

THANKSGIVING is no sooner over than women rush with fervor into their holiday shopping. It is wise to begin on the first days of December, armed with lists and memoranda, for later the crowds will be so great that choice will be difficult. Besides, the prettiest things will be picked up first, and she who has forethought knows that in order not to put up with second-best she must give her orders in good season. Shopping is a feminine accomplishment worth mastering. System, tact, amiability and patience are needed by the successful shopper. And she must also keep in mind the depth of her purse. There is no sense in so managing holiday shopping that it entails an endless chain of bills to be paid when the holidays are ended.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONNECTICUT CLUBS

THE FAD of the day among Connecticut clubwomen is analytical study of the laws that directly concern themselves. It was the Norwalk Central Club, under the lead of such women as Mrs. T. K. Noble and Mrs. L. B. Vernam, who set the pace, by preparing and inserting in the "Official Directory" of the State Federation a good digest of the statutes bearing on the rights of women. Then, when the Federation met, early in November, a new committee was named, especially to devote 1901 to deciding what can be done to improve these laws.

All the clubs are getting interested in the subject. The main point of objection is that a husband dying still has the right in Connecticut to will away from his wife the control of the children. Legislators may as well prepare at once to be deluged with demands for the amendment of the statute in this particular. Over six thousand women belong to the Federated clubs of Connecticut.

The Norwalk and South Norwalk women run a Woman's Exchange in connection with the Central Club, and also a Penny Provident Bank. The Library Club, Miss Marie C. Keith president, pays much attention to educating taxpayers to a realization of the importance of good public libraries. It is made up of self-supporting young women, and meets in the rooms of the Central Club. The Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Isaac S. Jennings is the leading spirit, has been in existence for more than twenty-five years.

Fairfield County, in which both Norwalk and Bridgeport are situated, takes the lead in the woman's club movement for the State. Bridgeport has no less than ten clubs, chiefly concerned with art, music and literature. Though Bridgeport makes explosives for the world, harmony is the rule at women's club gatherings, and the gavel is rarely needed to apply in hair-trigger fashion to a percussion-cap member. Fairfield County is both modest and peaceful so far as her women's organizations are concerned.

The Traveller's Club at Danbury, Mrs. Helen Meeker president; Mrs. F. E. Hartwell's Classic Club, and Mrs. J. C. Down's Afternoon Musical Society make an interesting trio. Bethel, also in Fairfield County, has a Current Events Club, presided over by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Medbury.

Up in the Naugatuck valley, where the men turn out the best brass in the world, there is no brass at all about the women; but they are curious, as curious as Madam Eve herself. For example, the Waterbury Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Bertha P. Hart is the presiding genius, is investigating, most earnestly, education, sciences, ethics, art and literature, and finding out new things about them every day. In Ansonia, which furnishes clocks for the universe, the Woman's Club has one division which fines a member twenty-five cents every time she fails to spend an exact half hour each day in reading.

New Haven is proud of having the club that revels in the queerest name. This is the Igdrasyl. It is not derived from any extinct monster of prehistoric times, but is the Scandinavian mythology's ash tree that spreads all over the earth. Mrs. M. C. Doolittle is president of the Igdrasyl. Mrs. George Starr Barnum and Mrs. R. D. Beach preside over two other New Haven clubs.

Hartford has three large clubs. The presidents are Mrs. J. C. Kimball, Mrs. J. A. Whittlesey, and Mrs. Ella A. Smiley. Mrs. Smiley's, the Hearthstone, gives itself up to the study of social conditions. Meriden has the Review Club, with Mrs. H. H. Stockder as president.

Canaan, far up in the north of Litchfield County, supports Mrs. C. W. Camp's Cranford Club, and does something for a Boys' Recreation School. Willimantic keeps up the thread of the argument in its Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Charrie A. Capen is the president. Washington, Wallingford, New Britain, and various other towns have active clubs and are likely to have more.

Altogether, I think it safe to say that the breadth of the investigations of Connecticut women and the keenness of their discussions recall the answer of one of them to a city man who alluded to the State's nickname. She said:

"My dear sir, it may be true that our men once made wooden nutmegs, but Connecticut women never bought them. They were made strictly for the export trade, and the bulk of them went to your Knickerbocker ancestors in New York!"

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

ALEXANDRA ALIX, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, WAS BORN MAY 25, 1872, FROM THE UNION OF GRAND DUKE LUDWIG IV. OF HESSE-DARMSTADT WITH PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN, DAUGHTER TO QUEEN VICTORIA, AND WAS MARRIED TO THE PRESENT CZAR, NICHOLAS II., NOVEMBER 14, 1894. HER MAJESTY IS A DISTINGUISHED HORSEWOMAN, AND HONORARY COLONEL OF RUSSIAN AND GERMAN REGIMENTS. SHE HAS THREE DAUGHTERS—OLGA, TATANIA, AND MARIE

ATHLETIC GIRLS OF THE FAR NORTH

THE COLD CLIMATE of the north, which has so often proven too severe for our daring explorers, acts as an incentive to the energy and activity of the native Eskimo girl. Nowhere is a girl to be found with a greater love for outdoor sports and games of all kinds. The nature of the country is well fitted to what is perhaps her favorite pastime, tobogganing. The toboggans are simply long skins on which six girls sit, one back of the other, as we do on our toboggans; then the skin is rolled up over them at the sides and held with their hands. This forms a toboggan, unique in structure, but of great speed and comfort. Next to their coasting, football is the most popular game; taught by American traders, the young people enter into it with an enthusiasm and attention to rules which would do credit to our universities. The teams often include both boys and girls, although the best teams are said to be those composed entirely of girls. Baseball is played, though not so generally as football, and skating is naturally a favorite sport.

When the snows pile high on the ground, and the dark of the long nights shuts them in their houses, the girls dance and play games with all the enthusiasm of children. As for the dances, some are the native steps of a queer whirling character, while others are the regular English dances which they have been taught. Their dress is like that of the men, all of skin, a loose coat and trousers; but here they are in advance of ourselves, as, unlike the men, they have pockets in their trousers, in which the wives carry their own and their husbands' tobacco. For the dances they wear their best clothes, which are more elaborate in design than their every-day suits, some of the women having beautiful suits of ermine for evening wear. Their games are the most childlike possible, but the whole household enters into them—hide-and-seek, puss-in-the-corner and drop-the-handkerchief have reached a degree of perfection quite remarkable. The men and boys spend most of their time in hunting and fishing, and are often accompanied on these expeditions by the women, who prove themselves formidable rivals with the gun. Golf has not yet penetrated to the Arctic regions, but when it does there is every reason to suppose that the Eskimo girl will lose her head over it as completely as her southern sister has done, and will soon have her trousers pockets bulging with golf balls and her skin coat dyed a golfer's pink.

VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME.

DULL WOMEN

FLORISTS have a way of pinching back buds so that they may have plants in bloom at whatever season they like. It would seem that the gardener Time, of all gardeners in the world the most experienced, has a similar method with some human plants. But now and then he makes a mistake, and

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks.

IS that heading attractive? Then how is this? **Suits and Cloaks made to order at one-third less than regular prices.** Made of as good materials, cut as stylishly, finished as carefully as they were at our early season prices—great values then, too.

The why of it? To make room. Of course it's a radical measure—but we must have the room, and your advantage is our gain in the end. Almost all of our styles and materials share in this reduction. The Catalogue, Samples and Reduced Price List tell you all about them. These offerings and others:

Tailor-made Suits, lined throughout, former price $10; reduced to $6.67.

$15 Suits reduced to $10.

$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.

Separate All-Wool Skirts, former price $6.50; reduced to $4.34.

$9 Skirts reduced to $6.

$12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Winter Jackets, lined throughout, former price $7, reduced to $4.67.

$9 Jackets reduced to $6.

$12 Jackets reduced to $8.

Rainy-Day Skirts, former price $7; reduced to $4.67.

$8 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $5.34.

$10 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $6.67.

Reduced Prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Etc.

We are also closing out our sample suits and cloaks (which were made up for exhibition in our salesroom) at **one-half of regular prices.** Send for Catalogue, Bargain List and Reduced Price Samples; you will get them by return mail. Order what you choose; your order will be filled promptly, intelligently—if you think not, send the garment back. *We will refund your money*; it's your good will we want most.

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Anybody can play it!

The wonderful solid brass **ZOBO CORNET $1** and up, charges prepaid. Imitates a professional cornet to perfection. Requires no knowledge of music or musical notes. The most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced. It amplifies and changes the human voice so wonderfully as to make it strange, weird and unnatural beyond all comprehension. It seems impossible for it to accomplish so much. It gives you the vocal power of ten giants, yet its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove. Money and music-making feature for **Church Choirs**, and other concerts. SING INTO MOUTHPIECE, ZOBO DOES THE REST. Catalogue **free. Strauss Mfg. Co., 369 Broadway,** Dept. to **New York.**

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Signed J. v. Liebig **in blue**

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forgets to let his pinched buds bloom or to give his arrested plants the air and sunlight needed to give them other buds. Which of us does not know the dull woman, whose talk ripples on and on, a weary iteration of familiar commonplaces, whose whole little world is bounded by her own affairs, and whose mind seems insensitive to new impressions. The woman was a clever girl twenty years ago. She is a marvel of dulness now. A woman who has lost youth's rosy hope, with the rose and ivory of her complexion, who has taken in no new stores as she has gone on in life, and who contributes nothing new or striking to the talk of her circle, who has not even the wit to be a good listener, is a dull comrade for the road, and a dull companion in society. Her husband, having mingled with men, known the friction of business, and the competitions of professional activity, has usually outgrown the dull wife, and by comparison seems the younger, as certainly he is the more attractive of the pair.

No woman should either drift into dulness or deliberately accept dulness as her portion. She may, if she choose, escape it, but to do so she must read, she must study, she must think, she must keep herself up in every way, and be in constant touch with the day.

A CHAPTER IN CHILD-LIFE

WE ARE USED to attribute all the grace and growth of happy childhood to the mother, yet perhaps no daughter ever owed so much to a father's care as I did. I have always attributed whatever I have been able to do in mature life to the early guidance of strong, helpful hands; to the early counsel of a serene, sane, upright mind; to the early influence of daily, hourly trust in the justice, the courage, the sympathy of a character that was a living example to my mind of what is best in human nature.

The determination to take a girl four years old into the wild mining country of Colorado, rather than leave her to the doubtful care of others in a more settled country, required faith in Providence, faith in himself, and a depth of paternal love that I have ever appreciated. And yet the result justified my father's experiment. I lived his life with him, and the open-air exercise, the habit of self-dependence, yes, even the hardships of unavoidable exposure and cold and hunger, helped to make me what I am.

I would see my father pick up a wounded dog or a broken-winged bird with all the tenderness of a woman, or stand against a hot-blooded mob of miners, meeting their anger with the calm logic of common-sense; always with the full faith that what he did was right, that what he said was rational, that what he felt was broadly humane and temperate and unselfish. When an explosion or a fire or a snow slide tried men's souls, it was his advice that was asked for, it was his counsel that was followed. Truth and justice and temperance have their own hold on men who are far from the restraints of conventional and organized society.

Once when we had to sleep on the hard ground with our boots for pillows, I remember that father made me entirely comfortable by speaking in tones of deepest pity about the unfortunates who had nothing at all to put under their heads. When we had got lost in a blinding snowstorm, and had had nothing to eat for many hours, he told me cheerfully that we were very lucky to have had so good a breakfast. His philosophy was what he jokingly called "a cheap kind of cheerfulness," the feeling that, however bad things might be, they might have been worse. I was told how he ordered that the horses be hitched up to move on to a new camp because I was too enthusiastic over the little gifts of miners who had not seen a little girl for months or years and thought me perfect. He said they might find me out. And then, in after life when I wrote him glowingly of some success that I had had in New York, he wired across the continent, "Better move on to the next camp, my dear." And yet he once spent his last two-dollar bill on a doll that I fancied in a shop window in one of the larger towns.

I never knew what it was to be ordered to do or not to do anything. Advice and suggestion took the place of commands. "I would do it so, but there are many ways of looking at things," was the keynote of the suggestion. I was early taught to reason out everything, and advice never came without a reason for it, so expressed as to be within my childish understanding.

As I grew older I debated everything. Father would say: "I think my way is best. Maybe it isn't. Try it your own way, and see." And when I had run my head against a stone wall, with a hard bump, he never said, "I told you so"; but always: "Maybe that is the way you learn. If you had done as I advised, perhaps you would still have thought I was wrong, and this might have happened when I was not near to look out for you."

Of course this had one marked advantage over the other way of getting along with children. Grown people are not infallible. When they assume the airs of infallibility the child loses faith with every slip of the parent. I never had any such shock. So my faith grew to veneration, and I thought long and deeply before I ever decided that my way was the better one. C. A.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

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the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

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are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

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is enjoyed by those who change from an impoverished diet of ordinary flour to one of life-giving, tissue-building qualities. Nature places in the wheat berry these healthful elements in abundance and wisdom requires that we use them all and do not sacrifice the best of them on account of color. In our foolish prejudice for white bread we do this very thing, and man in milling into white flour removes them nearly all, leaving little but starch

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retains all the mineral elements of the wheat, phosphatic and nitrogenous, and is, therefore, rich in nourishment for the whole body.

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Fine Furniture is **Always Appreciated** and from us you buy it "Direct from the factory at **Factory Prices.**"

If you have not time to write for our catalogue it will be safe to order direct from what we offer here. Each article is strictly **High Grade**—much better in fact than you will expect from what we say of it.

Colonial Rocker

A Perfect Gift

$27.00 Buys this beautiful leather rocker of pure Colonial pattern, *direct from the factory.* Such a Christmas gift will carry enjoyment with it for a lifetime. **UPHOLSTERED** in finest machine-buffed genuine leather. All cushions, including seat, are of genuine curled horsehair, supported in seat and back by finest springs of tempered steel. Exposed rockers, mahogany finished, richly polished. Ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet leather. Worth at retail $40 to $55.

Turkish Rocker

A Splendid Gift for a Gentleman

$35.00 Buys this luxurious Turkish rocker, *direct from the factory.* **COVERED** with best quality machine-buffed GENUINE leather. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet-color leather. At retail a similar rocker costs $55 to $70.

Mahogany Turkish Couch

A Splendid Gift for the Family

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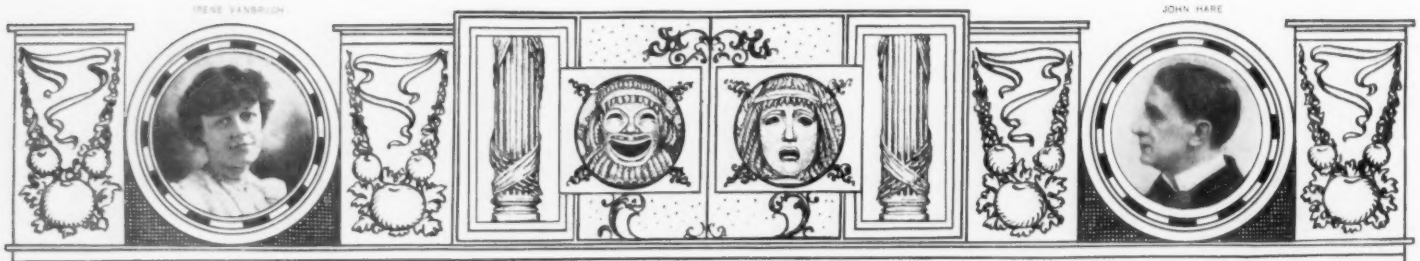

JOHN HARE

"THE GAY LORD QUEX"

By JOHN D. BARRY

AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, Mr. John Hare, the celebrated English comedian, has made his reappearance after a long absence, presenting for the first time in this country "The Gay Lord Quex," by Arthur W. Pinero. The fame of the piece, which ran for many months in London, and the popularity of the actor, attract large and brilliant audiences, and the performance is received without enthusiasm, to be sure, but with deep interest. Whether the work will succeed on the road may be doubted. Like several other comedies of the author's, it is distinctly written for the diversion of sophisticated people.

A FRAGILE COMEDY

The plays of Mr. Pinero may be divided into two kinds: those written around a strong central motive, and others ingeniously built upon clever, but extremely fragile devices. The new comedy belongs to the second kind. At moments it becomes so slight that the central interest disappears, and the author keeps his hold on the audience by the adroitness of his characterizations and by the pungency of his dialogue. "The Gay Lord Quex" derives its most striking quality from the originality shown in the selection and the treatment of the central character, who, without giving the piece its title, supplies it with its chief episodes. Sophy Fullgarney is the proprietress of an establishment in London for manicuring the nails. Her patrons consist largely of wayward members of the fashionable world, among them the middle-aged Lord Quex. This gentleman, after a career of dissipation, is about to marry Miss Muriel Eden, whom Sophy has known and loved since childhood. As an interested observer of the manners of society, Sophy has formed her opinion of Lord Quex, and she determines to lay a trap in order to convince her friend of his unworthiness. A chance invitation to pass the night at a great house in the country gives Sophy a wide field for her operations. It also enables Mr. Pinero very adroitly to continue the striking contrast in social types made in Sophy's shop in the first act.

In her wandering at Fauncey Court, Sophy soon finds an opportunity to meet Lord Quex alone. Mr. Pinero had to strain a point in allowing the girl to produce her utensils for manicuring in order to facilitate her plan. Quex keeps his head, and, for the moment, Sophy is balked. Then she resorts to spring, the picturesque green hedges providing the means. She hears just enough of the compromising dialogue between the Duchess of Strood and Quex to suspect mischief.

The Duchess is one of those women who have lately begun to figure so dismally in the works of English novelists and dramatists; the women who try to maintain the illusion of youth by raking up the ashes of dead passions. Quex has tired of her. Pinero beautifully indicates how desperately she bores him. She loves situations, scenes, and she is determined to make a scene before Quex escapes her for good. The weakest thing that Quex does in the course of the piece is to consent to a farewell interview with her at night. By volunteering to take the place of the Duchess's absent maid, Sophy serves as a plausible participator in the action of the third act on which the whole strength of the piece depends.

You see how adroit the construction is. Well, I should much prefer the simplicity of motive, which alone conveys the sense of life. However, this is apart from the story, and I digress only to make the point that "The Gay Lord Quex" is distinctly an artificial comedy. That third act has been called by several critics the best act ever written by Pinero.

MR. PINERO'S CELEBRATED THIRD ACT

It certainly is amazingly clever, perhaps the more clever because it consists from start to finish of what in a law case would be considered special pleading. We are permitted to see the Duchess *intime*, as they say in Paris, and a most unwholesome exhibition it is. The Duchess summons Sophy and gets into a loose wrap. Incidentally she presents Sophy with a picturesque kimono, which, of course, is to figure prominently in the action to follow. Here is one of those little touches by which Pinero shows how perfectly he has mastered his craftsmanship. She glides swiftly from door to door, listening, watching, waiting, showing in every move the practiced intriguer. Finally, Quex appears at the door, hands in pockets, cool, subtly resentful, awfully bored. The Duchess purrs around him. She recalls memories of the past—that day in Stockholm, at the hotel, as they sat and watched the little boats sail by. She remembers everything, even the brand of champagne that they had once drank together. How much better women remember than men! Is it because they have fewer things to remember? There are some things that Quex doesn't like to remember, especially at this time; but he tries hard to be polite; he makes politeness almost pathetic. His replies to her raptures sound like hollow and melancholy echoes. Then, too, he is distracted by the shame of his own position, and by his fear of discovery. Suddenly he walks to the door, pulls it open, and Sophy, wearing the pretty kimono, falls into the room. It is the scene with the French maid in "The Little Minister" all over again; it is the scene that has served writers of comedy and farce for centuries; it is also a scene that never fails to please. It has an extremely amusing and characteristic effect upon the Duchess; now that she has achieved a real situation she has lost interest in her romantic make-believe. She proceeds to lament over her impeached reputation. To Quex it means that he has lost his bride; but he does not propose to give her up without a fight. He orders the Duchess to seek shelter with one of her women friends on the plea of nerve-crisis, and rings for the maid. When Sophy, still wearing that kimono, gently opens the door, Quex is standing behind it, and easily makes her his prisoner.

THE DUEL OF THE WITS

Now comes the duel between the wits, between the imperturbable man of the world and the nervous, alert and vulgar schemer. Of course, Sophy had nothing more to do to save herself than to ring the bell and appeal to the servants. How could there have been any question of compromise under the circumstances? Sophy had a perfect right to be in that room; Quex had no right whatever. It may be that all Mr. Pinero wanted to convey to us was the sense of mastery in the character of Quex by which the poor girl was duped; at any rate, she is made to believe that if she makes an outcry she will herself be compromised. She is even persuaded to write a letter incriminating herself. In this scene Quex behaves like a blackguard. He has forgotten, however, that Sophy, besides being a girl of spirit, has been persuaded into her machinations by a generous loyalty. Suddenly the girl realizes that what she has done may lead Muriel into a life of misery. Away flies all thought of her own dishonor, and, bent on saving Muriel, she dashes to the bell-rope, pulls it violently, and arouses the servants. Quex, however, is not to be outdone in generosity; he can threaten the girl, but he cannot calumniate her. His one thought now is to save her from disgrace, and before the servants have time to reach the door he has made a plan to protect her and to acknowledge his own perfidy. The girl in turn is touched by his magnanimity, and dashes from the room, convinced that, in spite of his past sins, he is altogether worthy of becoming the husband of her friend. The climax loses from the complexity of the motives. The changes follow one another with a startling and wholly theatrical rapidity.

The play practically ends with the climax of the third act. We expect in the fourth act to see Mr. Pinero winding up the story in a conventional way; but he does no such thing. He introduces some new complications, ingenious but mechanical like the others, which reveal Muriel's character in a rather

FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

LORD QUEX (JOHN HARE) THE COUNTESS OF OWBRIDGE (LOUISE MOODIE) MURIEL EDEN (MARY MAYFREN) MRS. JACK EDEN (MONA K. ORAM) SOPHY FULLGARNNEY (IRENE VANBRUGH)

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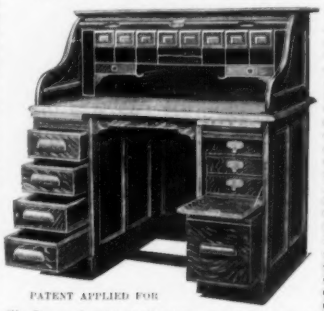

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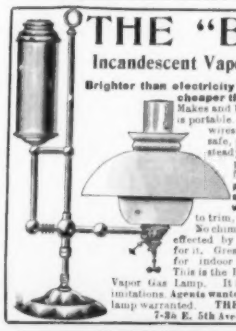

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unpleasant fashion, and persuades us that, whatever weaknesses Quex may have, he is quite as reliable as she is herself.

BRILLIANT ACTING BY THE PRINCIPALS

After following the story in outline, it is perhaps not necessary to mention that the piece is cynical in tone, and somewhat depressing. It gives, however, a very convincing picture of certain phases of English life, and for this reason it may keep the stage. But it will never rank with the author's best work. The characters are all brilliantly differentiated, and they move and speak like human beings. Mr. Pinero evidently knows his world, and an exttaordinarily varied and interesting world it is too. He has enjoyed the advantage of a production remarkable in the completeness of its stage settings, and in the skill of the interpreters. Mr. John Hare may not be ideally suited in the character of Quex; but he plays it with a rare facility and restraint. He has the naturalness of a Jefferson and a voice not unlike that of E. M. Holland. His methods are quiet, unostentatious, supremely truthful, but limited in range. He is one of the few actors on the English-speaking stage who appreciate the value of deliberateness and of creating effects by suggestive pauses. A comedian like the late Charles Coghlan—but where can we find one like him?—might give to Quex all of Mr. Hare's repose, with a more illuminating variety of expression. In Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Hare has an actress whose work is quite worthy of his own. In looks, bearing and speech, Miss Vanbrugh perfectly realizes the vulgar, impulsive, warm-hearted manicurist. She is most successful in indicating the lapses of the girl from her acquired graces to her natural coarseness. Two such fine performers are rarely seen together upon our stage.

The character of the Duchess of Strood is played by Miss Ada Ferrar, a very beautiful woman with an authoritative air, whose only fault lies in a certain indistinctness of speech. If she occasionally seems to exaggerate the character, making it caricature, it is simply because she is faithful to the author's intention. The Duchess is like a figure out of old comedy, amusing chiefly as an object of ridicule. She has some of the best and some of the feeblest lines in the piece. When her hostess at Fauncey Court asks, "Is his Grace still very unwell?" she replies: "He is still over seventy." This is the cleverest speech in the play. In apologizing for the presence of some very French French novels on her table, she explains, "I read those things for their exquisitely polished style; the subject escapes me." Then her hostess becomes absorbed in one of the novels, and exclaims: "Ah, yes, the style, the style. We haven't much real literary style in England, have we?" This dialogue, commonplace to the last degree, and stale in theme, is received with unction by the audience. Let a writer once acquire a reputation for wit and his failures are almost certain to become successes. A word should be said in praise for Mr. Gilbert Hare's fine impersonation of Sir Chichester Frayne, just returned, prematurely old at forty-five, from a long exile in South Africa, to find every Englishwoman he meets "alluring." Good performances, too, are given by Mr. Ivo Dawson as Captain Bastling, a light-minded youth for whom Muriel comes near throwing Quex over, and by Mr. Arthur Grenville, who makes "Valma," the palmist, whom Sophy finally marries, a most amusing specimen of the "bounder." Miss Oram makes sufficiently odious the character of the worldly Mrs. Eden, whose talk fairly represents the tone of the play. "Reflect," she says, in discussing with the Duchess Muriel's engagement. "A man loves to think a girl is like an angel—beautiful pink and white right through, with no clockwork. The moment she complains of headache, or toothache, or a chilblain on the heel, the angel game is off, and she's got to try and hold her own as a simple mortal. And as a mortal she's not in it with a man. No, it's angel or nothing with us women. I remember my mater saying to me when I was engaged to Jack, 'Sybil, now mind! enjoy the very best of health till you have been married at least ten years; and then be sure you have an excellent motive for cracking up.'" Could any words be more characteristically English? Some day students of the present period of English society will marvel at them. Before closing, I must note the remarkable case and success with which the action passes. It shows in every detail the skill that has given Mr. John Hare a reputation as one of the best stage managers of England.

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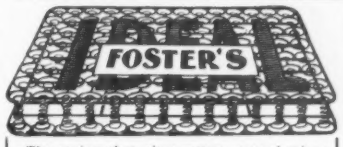

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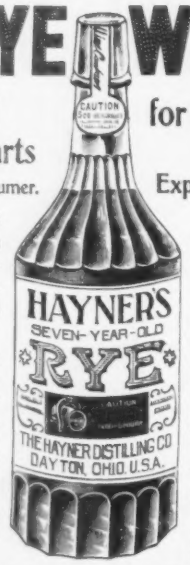

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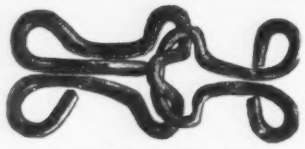

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MODERN FABLES By GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE GOOD FELLOW WHO HAD A WAY OF GETTING THE SHORT END OF IT

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a Boy who would not get Mad. He was willing to do anything to help out a Playmate, so when the Gang went fishing they took Him along to carry the Bait, and when they went Swimming in the Deep Hole he had to stay out on the Bank and watch their Clothes.

If any of the Urchins found a Cockle-Burr, and it came to a Question as to which Boy would be Held Down and have the Burr put into his Hair, they always decided in favor of Mel.

His Right Name was Melford Praxiteles Johnson, but he grinned so much and was so good-natured that everybody was Familiar with him and saluted him as Mel. He got all the Cockle-Burrs in his Hair and the Toads down the Back of his Neck and the Smart-Weed rubbed on his Bare Legs, because he was a Good Fellow, and the Tough Boys who went to School with him knew that he would not go and tell Teacher and have them properly Lambasted.

Sometimes he would go out to the Commons, where the Boys were playing Two-Old-Cat, and they would have him act as Back-Stop and chase the Flies. Somebody had to do it, and he was so Accommodating and Friendly he did it rather than delay the Game.

All the little bull-headed boys, who threatened to take their Bats and go home unless they could have their own way, played the Star Positions.

When he was a little older he went to a Medical School, where he was promptly tossed up in a Blanket and then dropped down an Air-Shaft, because the Hazers saw that he was a Good Fellow and would not go and Squeal to the Faculty.

Mel was a Bright Student and graduated at the Head of his Class. He won a Set of Instruments for his Thesis on the Osteology of the Supernumerary Digits, and the Dean predicted Great Things for him.

He hung out a Shingle right across the Street from a Class-mate who had finished at the Tail End and did not know the difference between the Duodenum and the Clavicle. But this Classmate grew Whiskers and wore a Prince Albert and a Tall Hat and Glasses with a Gold Chain and Coughed into his Palm and used Latin Words, and he got the Practice.

He was a Physician and Mel was Doc.

If a Man came into Mel's Office, suffering from a Combination of Soft-Shell Crabs and Neapolitan Pudding, it would be like Mel to tell him that he had the Stomach-Ache.

Then the dissatisfied Patient would go across to see the Physician, who would tell him that he had Acute Gastritis.

Anybody would rather have Gastritis than Stomach-Ache, so the Physician had his Waiting-Room crowded all the Time.

The Public could not pin its Faith to a Practitioner who wore a Sack Suit and kept his Hat on the Back of his Head and spoke to the Children on the Street, and never used three Double-Jointed Words from the Materia Medica unless he had to.

Still Doc managed to get some Practice. If any Sufferer happened to be Broke, he went to Doc, because Doc was a Good Fellow who could be Stood Off. Doc got all of the Charity Cases and the Fake across the Street treated all the Women who had Property and Imaginary Complaints.

Shortly after Doc began to Practice he fell in Love, but no one took it Seriously, for he was always Joking. The Girl liked Doc because he was entertaining and liberal, up to his Income, but when he Proposed, his Sense of Humor prevented him from getting down on his Knees and giving her any of this Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth Hanky-Panky.

She had the usual Streak of the Romantic in her Make-Up, and she refused to consider his off-hand Request. She gave herself to an opinionated Willie-Boy who was always having himself Photographed in a Dress Suit, and who came at her with a Ten-Minute Speech that he had learned from a Book on "How to Make Love," published by Munro & Co.

Then because Doc's Philosophy and his Goodness of Heart came to his Rescue, and he Forgave her and did not Drink himself to Death or start for the Gold Fields with her Picture next to his Heart, nearly every one said that he had not Cared for her at all and was not capable of the Grand Passion.

After Doc had struggled along in his Profession for many Years without having any Velvet in front of him, he decided to try for a Political Appointment. Every one seemed to like him, and he knew he could get Backing. He thought very well of his Drag. Sure enough, when he applied for a Consulate, all the influential Moguls of the Party signed his

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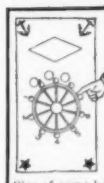

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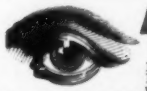

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Send for illustrated booklet.
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Founded 1849.

Petition. Then they sat down and wrote Private Letters to Back-Cap him.

They told the President that he was a Good Fellow, but he lacked Dignity and Bearing. They said that he was commonly known as Mel or Doc, that he had a Reputation as a Story-Teller, that he had been a Failure in his Profession and never accumulated any Property, that he was Careless in his Business Habits and loaned Money to any one who seemed to be in Trouble, and that therefore, although he had been an Active Worker, possibly the Appointment ought to go to some Man who had more regard for Solemn Responsibilities.

So the Job was given to a Four-Flush who Posed in Public Places and Frowned and kept one Hand inside of his Coat and never said anything because he had Nothing to say.

Even after this final Throw-Down, Doc did not become imbittered or cease trying to be a Good Fellow.

One Day, however, as he was reviewing his Career, he decided if he had it to do over again he would be M. Praxiteles Johnson, and wear the Front of Jove and refuse to be Sociable.

He realized that he had Erred in repeating Anecdotes, lending Money and trying to be a Mixer. He wished that he had kept his Degree printed on all his Cards and hung an Articulated Skeleton inside of his Office Door. Also, he began to understand that it is advisable to crowd in on the Platform at every Public Pow-wow and be played up as a Prominent Citizen. Furthermore, he wished that he had Dressed the same as a Pall-Bearer.

It would have been a Hard Job to keep up the Monumental Bluff, but then one must always pay a price for True Success.

Moral: Be Dignified and Serious, if possible.

FICKLENESS

WHEN the summer turns to autumn, and the moonlight nights grow long;
When the sad gray boughs are sighing, and the birds have ceased their song;
Then as fall the dead leaves downward, fall my dead hopes of the spring,
Once brightened into beauty by the summer's whispering.

But one hope somehow lingers, like the last leaf clinging on,
In among the barren branches after all the rest are gone.
'Tis the fairest hope that blossoms under sunny summer skies,
'Tis a hope that lurks and lingers in a pair of woman's eyes.

Eyes of brown with love-light glowing oft come back to look at me
As I sit among the shadows in the autumn silently;
Yet tis but a fading memory—a phantom—that is all;
For the hope itself was buried when the leaves began to fall.

But when autumn turns to winter and the spring again comes on,
When the leaf that to the old tree clung so tenderly is gone,
Those dark eyes will then have left me, buried hopes become no part
Of my life, unless to strengthen tender cords that bind my heart.

And when the day grows blithesome, 'neath a sky of azure blue,
All save the golden circle where the sun is burning through;
Then my heart tills, like the sapling, with new hopes whose tendrils sprout,
As the old tree dons his verdure and the tiny leaves peep out.

Then, where sparkled once the brown eyes, laughing blue will look at me,
And the world will ring with gladness, while my heart sings joyfully;
Until comes again the autumn, when the moonlight nights grow long,
When the dead leaves fast are falling, and the birds have ceased their song.

RUTH CROSBY.

THE LATEST AMERICAN HUMORIST

THERE is an amusing story in relation to Mr. Ade's book of "Fables in Slang." Neither the author nor the publisher anticipated the success which the book achieved. It was put out as a little "flyer" for the holiday trade, but within a month it was one of the best selling books of the market. But one day the attendant in charge of the Public Library at Indianapolis came out in a proclamation, barring "Fables in Slang" on the ground that the book was "inane." A considerate friend immediately carried the news to Ade.

"It has come at last," said the Hoosier humorist solemnly. "I knew if they ever got on to me anywhere, it would be in Indiana."

"But this is not right," persisted his friend. "Whatever the book may be, it is not inane."

"I don't know what 'inane' means," said the author, "but if it means what it sounds like, I think she's right. But I don't think she ought to go and tell everybody. This is a time when Hoosiers should stand together."

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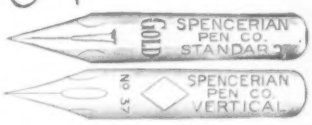

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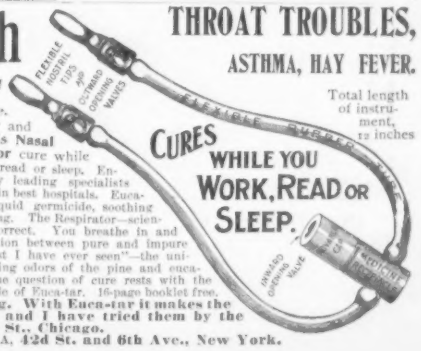
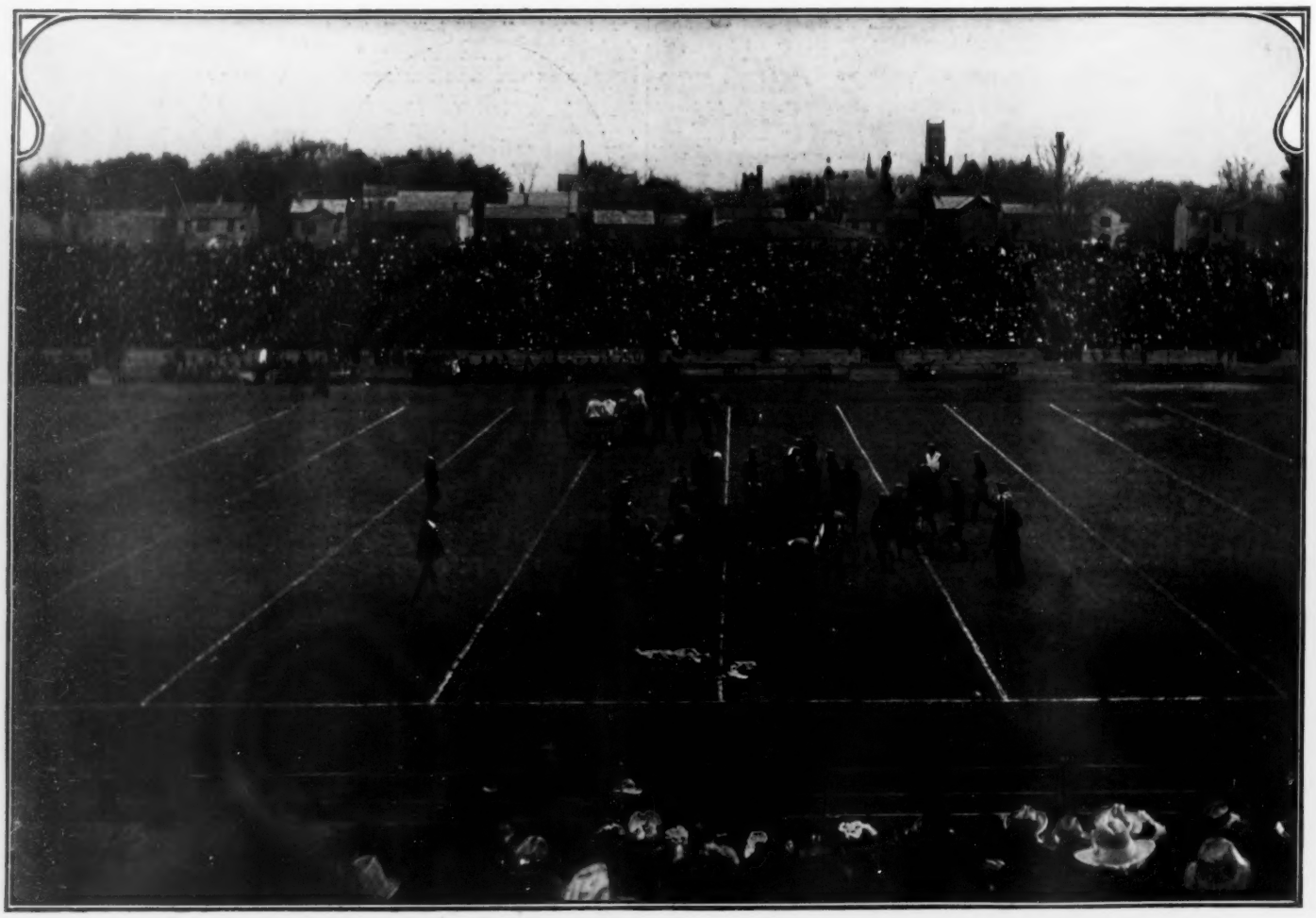


Total length of instrument, 12 inches



YALE *VS.* PRINCETON, AT PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 17—THE TEAMS "LIMBERING UP" BEFORE THE GAME

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

YALE 29, PRINCETON 5

When, a year ago at New Haven, the Yale team had the ball on Princeton's seven-yard line on a first down, the Yale audience and coaches were treated to an exhibition of three futile attempts of an eleven lacking power in the attack of its back to carry the ball forward when occasion imperatively demanded it. To any one who watched the Yale team at Princeton this year the contrast must be most marked. Yale learned her lesson last year and profited by it. This year, while not abandoning the regular formation plays, she developed a tackle-back formation, tried, it is true, last season, but only half-heartedly. In spite also of some fears expressed as to the loss of Hale, her last year's centre, from the line, Yale placed him in the back field. Thus Yale had a formation which would prevent the opponents focusing all their attention upon a little group of three men, and she had a powerful line plunger as well as interferer in a place where he could be used effectively. And what was the result in this Princeton contest? When Bloomer and Hale lined up tandem, behind the Yale line were the hearts of all Yale partisans, quaking lest Yale should be unable to desperately wrest one and two-third yards on each of three successive downs, and thus enable the blue to retain possession of the ball. On the contrary, when that deadly formation was aimed against the Princeton line, and by an almost superhuman effort the Princeton line, aided by the defensive backs, had stopped Yale with anything short of three yards, it was noticeable that the Princeton stands cheered wildly, and that the Yale crowd looked rather depressed. There is no better measure than that almost unconscious exhibition given by the spectators of their real feelings. The Princeton crowd knew that their men were doing nobly when they stopped that formation play and Bloomer or Hale with anything less than three yards, and that group in the Yale stands knew equally well that three yards was not what these men and that play were capable of accomplishing. So both parties furnished a measure of the strength of Yale's play of this season in contrast to that of last year in the same game.

Yet large as the score was in Yale's favor, there never was a more exciting first ten minutes in any contest where the two universities have met on the gridiron. As if Princeton, already depressed with their defeat by Cornell and Columbia, was still more to be frowned upon by Fortune, hardly a minute had the game been started when Gould, the Yale end, secured a touchdown on a muffed kick by the Princeton back. But the crowd had hardly settled itself down after that score before two muffs on Yale's part gave Princeton the ball and the chance for a drop kick, which Mattis cleverly executed. So there it was only ten minutes gone, and each side had scored. If the rest of the seventy minutes' play developed in proportion the final score, mathematicians were figuring, would be Yale 42, Princeton 35! The Yale captain was rather righteously astonished by the call of time for the end of the first half without the official warning demanded and made obligatory upon the referee, but he acquiesced graciously. With Mattis, Princeton had the best of the kicking game, but Yale was so much the stronger that she could practically elect her own style of play, and so prevent Princeton's only hope from being realized. This she did, and for the next hour of play pounded out touchdowns until the final score was twenty-nine to five, and as the whistle blew her team had carried the ball with big jumps down to Princeton's twenty-five yard line. It was dark, and everybody but the Yale team and coaches was glad it was over. They wanted another minute or two to push the figures up over thirty in emulation of Rhodes' team, which swamped Princeton upon a memorable occasion at Eastern Park by a score of 32—0.

The weakness of Princeton's defence accounts for some of the apparent strength of Yale's attack. But there was plenty of power in Yale's attack for the occasion.

The generalship of Yale, both that already mentioned in planning not to be caught, as last year, without power in the back field, and also in the actual handling of the plays in this particular contest, was largely responsible for the result. But it is equally true that the unison with which the team played, and the determination of each man to fully do his part, were great factors in the overwhelming success.

Princeton played an extremely plucky game, and her sudden dash, aided by the two costly fumbles of Yale, made possible her single score. That Mattis upon the only occasion offered should have responded so accurately with a drop kick goal was most creditable. The "scrapping" in the line and the dragging of the Yale end off side by the Princeton tackle, for which eventually Princeton was penalized by the umpire, had much better have been omitted, as only provocative of bad feeling, and hardly a means to be used, no matter how desperate the straits of a team. One of the remarkable features of the game, outside of those already mentioned, was the saving of a touchdown by Coy, the Yale end, who overtook Reiter after the Princeton man had taken the ball from Stillman, the Yale tackle, and was well on his way to the goal line. Another was the opening of the line, performed by Stillman and Brown under various conditions, and the way in which Bloomer and Hale took advantage of these openings and aided each other.

COLUMBIA 11, ANNAPOLIS 0

Columbia was too much for the naval cadets, who, nevertheless, exhibited some well perfected double passes which may give West Point trouble. The New York men, with Weekes, scored twice in the first half, but seemed content with that, and failed to add to it in the second.

LAFAYETTE 17, CORNELL 0

Lafayette made up for her failure to beat Princeton and Pennsylvania by snowing Cornell under with a score of two touchdown goals and one field kick. Platt's eighty-yard run and touchdown in the first two minutes was enough to disconcert the Ithacans, and they played thereafter much as they did at Philadelphia a year ago, when Pennsylvania scored upon them almost at will.

PENNSYLVANIA 16, CARLISLE 6

Pennsylvania proved too much for the Indians, and reversed the score of last year, but not without a hard fight—harder than the score would indicate, as a blocked kick yielded the first score from an unimpeded forty-five yard run, and bad fumbling on the part of the Indians gave them a chance at a drop-kick, from which Potter nicely made a goal. The Indians pounded out a touchdown and goal, using their wing shift and shoot into the line well. At the very end of the play Pennsylvania succeeded in scoring once more.

OTHER GAMES

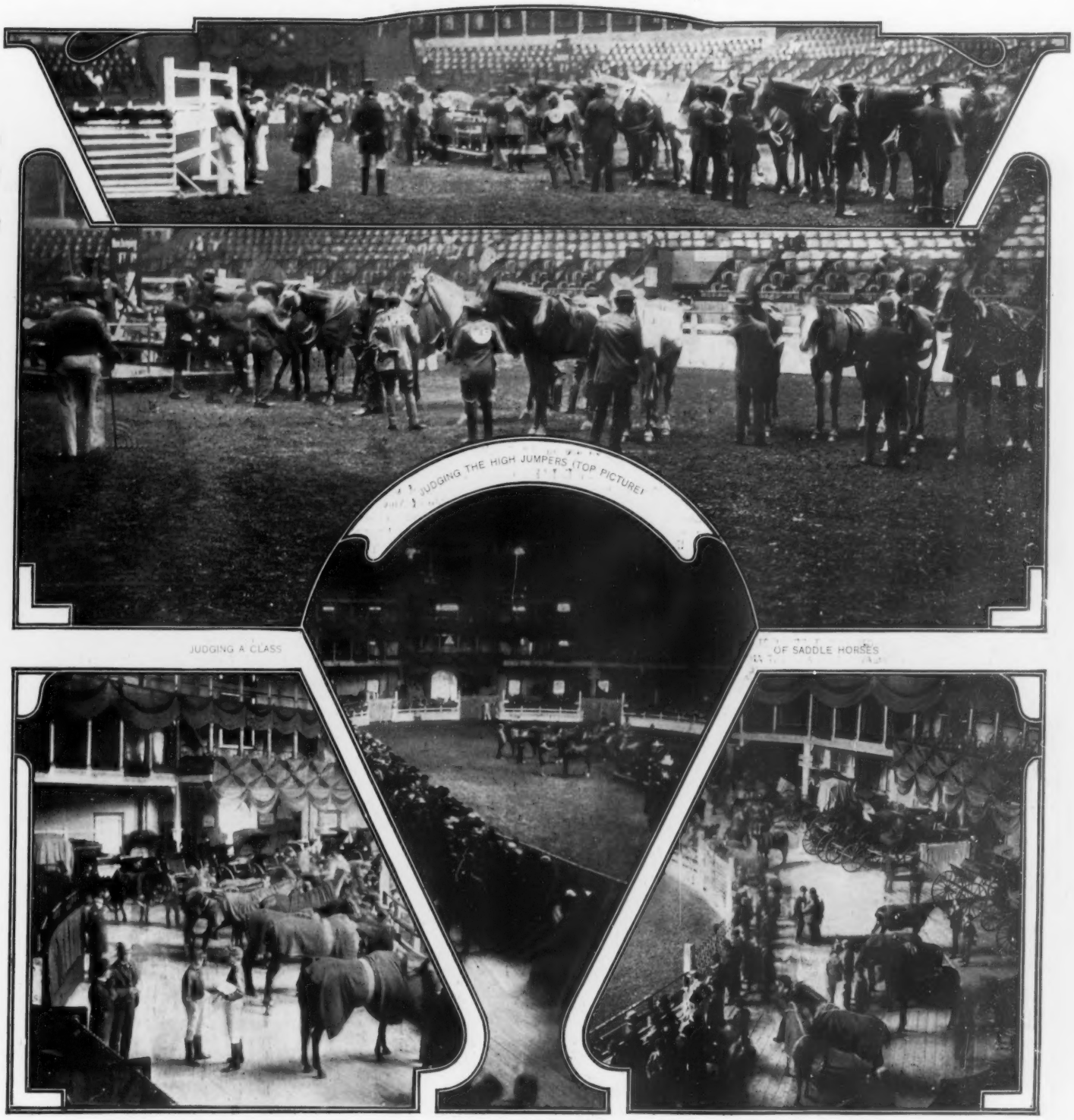
Wisconsin defeated Chicago, 39—5; Minnesota did the same to Northwestern, 21—0; Michigan beat Notre Dame, 7—0; while Indiana and Illinois played a tie, at 0—0. Georgetown defeated University of Virginia, 10—0; Brown beat Dartmouth, 12—5; Wesleyan beat Williams, 35—0; and Bowdoin beat Tufts, 17—11.

PENNSYLVANIA *vs.* CORNELL

Heralded, up to the 3d of November, as the strongest team of the year or any year, the University of Pennsylvania went down before a crushing defeat at the hands of Harvard. Can she beat Cornell? This Harvard match was confessedly Pennsylvania's important game of the year, and the one which of preference her team would desire to win. Last year Harvard came to Philadelphia, and in that case the defeat which the Crimson administered to the Red and Blue was by no means so depressing to the spirits of Pennsylvania's followers, as the Philadelphians had been in bad shape for some time, and the result was practically a foregone conclusion. Last year the Harvard-Pennsylvania score was 16—0. Yet at the end of the season Pennsylvania defeated Cornell overwhelmingly, administering the worst punishment that they have given the Ithacans for years. The question is whether history will repeat itself this year. Defeated by Harvard, Pennsylvania must win her Cornell game to retrieve any portion of her waning laurels. On the other hand, this match is Cornell's principal one of the season, and Coach Haughton has bent all his energies toward the defeat of Princeton and Pennsylvania. He has accomplished the first, and Saturday will tell what standing his methods have as opposed to those of Woodruff. Last year, under Haughton, the Cornell team was first-class in mid-season, and played an excellent game against Columbia, but seemed wholly at a loss to meet the offensive tactics of Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day. This year far more attention has been devoted by Cornell to the causes of last year's failure, and it is safe to say that their condition and their defence will be far better than last year. But that defence will hardly prove as strong against Pennsylvania as Harvard's was. Based upon the same principle, and performed with some measure of the same force, it still may not stop Pennsylvania, because there is a good deal of difference between the confidence with which Pennsylvania faces Cornell, and the feeling of stage fright, or whatever it is, that seems to oppress them when they face Harvard.

It seems like a tiresome repetition to state that Pennsylvania's system of end defence was, as predicted, wholly inadequate to stop the end running of Harvard. That was the lesson conveyed both this year and last year, and conveyed conclusively. Cornell does not make end runs with the same ability as that displayed by Harvard, but, for all that, unless the defence of Pennsylvania is modified, her team is liable to have an effective end run sprung upon it at any time in the Cornell game.

Pennsylvania has also learned from the Harvard game that reliance upon one play, and one alone, is (certainly when a team is matched against an equal) a losing game. If Pennsylvania profits by her two lessons, her team is quite capable of repeating the victory of last year, even though Cornell be considerably stronger and in far better condition.



THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW ASSOCIATION

THE HORSE SHOW

The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the National Horse Show Association, which opened at Madison Square Garden at nine o'clock Monday morning, November 19, had the distinction of starting off under far more prosperous auspices than those of the last two years. Many have been the tales that the Horse Show was falling off in fashion, to which the usual conclusive answers have been made. How much these tales affected the attendance in '98 and '99 is a question. This year the advance sale of boxes netted a good round sum in advance of last year, and that in itself augured well. From the moment when the strains of the band announced that the Horse Show of 1900 was formally opened, until the last hoof touched the tan-bark arena, there was one unending stream of horse, man and woman, and it is only fair to continue that the greatest of these was last.

The Horse Show has become the point from which the calendar dates in a dozen ways. It is the opening of the fall and winter town season. It is the exhibition place of the new frocks. It is the meeting place where every "best foot" and best boot is put forward. The horse dealer goes there to show his wares and to see what the market has. The horseman and the horsewoman go there to add to their possible possessions. The "shop" part of it all is well done. But that makes but a tenth of the fun. Men go to look not at horses alone, and women, with all due respect let it be said, attire themselves in such raiment as shall at least make them presentable in case they should be seen.

It is all a Vanity Fair, but such a Vanity Fair as makes one dream pleasant dreams thereafter.

If the Horse Show of 1900 has demonstrated anything, it has proved the horse's status to be above that of bicycle and automobile. Society this year bowed with a still more reverent salaam than usual at the shrine of the horse, forgetting easily its recent devotion to other amusements, and to other forms of locomotion. It is apparent that, no matter how much the automobile may grow in favor with men "in a hurry" or with those who yearn for novelties, society will still cling about the necks of its "hunters."

The "hunter" was, perhaps, the especial idol of the Horse Show of 1900. There were many magnificent specimens of this type on exhibition, and they attracted more interest than even the daintier and more beautiful pets that bear or draw the daughters of millionnaires over the paths of Central Park. On the first day more than sixty hunters were shown. They entered the arena twenty at a time, all of them prancing and pawing the tan-bark, and making picturesque groups that Rosa Bonheur would have delighted to portray. It was like a triumphal procession, with the splendid horses as victors, and thousands of beautifully apparelled women applauding them.

Of the other classes, the heavy harness horses deserve special mention, particularly as they were handicapped by the tremendous popularity of the more graceful animals exhibited. They made a splendid display. All of them were above 15.2 hands.

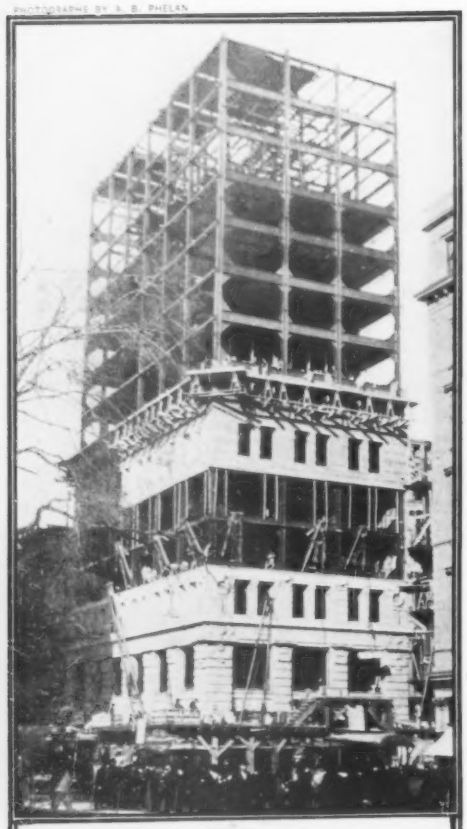
The hackneys, the pony stallions and brood mares, the saddle ponies, and light harness horses, also, made far better exhibitions than in previous shows. Altogether, the judges and society, the supreme judge, pronounced it the greatest Horse Show of the sixteen held up to this time.

MORRIS E. HOWLETT
PROFESSIONAL WHIP

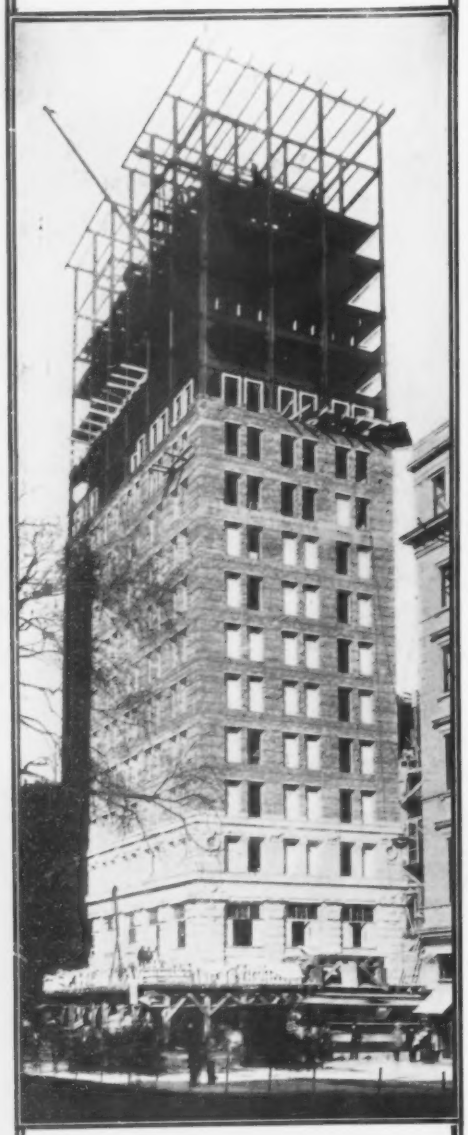
A PROFESSIONAL WHIP

Morris E. Howlett, of Paris, widely known as a professional whip, who came to New York to attend the National Horse Show and take part in the four-in-hand competition, although only twenty-seven years old, is one of the foremost of professional coach drivers. He is a son of Edwin Howlett, who is called the "father of coaching" in Paris. Young Mr. Howlett drives the coach "Magnet," which makes daily trips during the season between Paris and Versailles. He is well-known to many Americans whom he has accompanied on coaching trips through France. He drove for Eugene Higgins, T. Suffern Tailer and W. G. Tiffany on their famous Trouville trip, when the record was made. He was also with Rodman Wanamaker in 1895, when he drove a coach from Paris to London and back, a coaching feat that has never been equalled. When five years old Mr. Howlett drove a tandem down the Champs Elysees. At the age of seven he drove a four-in-hand in the Paris Horse Show, and has exhibited his skill at nearly every horse show since that time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN



"A CHAOTIC SHELL OF IRON AND TERRA COTTA, OPEN TO THE WINDS OF HEAVEN LIKE A GAUNT AND GIGANTIC SKELETON"



"LIKE A CHILD'S HOUSE OF CARDS, IT RISES SLOWLY, WITH STATELY COMPLETENESS, TOWARD THE SKY"

THE SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

THOSE WHO ENTER the New World by the gate of the Narrows get their first overwhelming impression of America from the ragged skyline of the monstrous buildings clustered together at the extreme point of New York City. By the sheer weight of their ponderous mass they seem to tip down that end of Manhattan Island. Foreign visitors seldom fail to remark on the phenomenon. Even so blasé an analyst as Paul Bourget, the Parisian man of the world, felt moved to exclaim in his *Outre-Mer:*

"There are the buildings of the class designated by the inhabitants of Chicago as 'skyscrapers' and 'cloud pressers.' One of them has ten stories, another twelve, another fourteen. First you have a marble hall, more or less splendidly ornate, into which open a restaurant, a bar, and shops. A sign indicates to you that the barber is underground. A cage contains four elevators, side by side, or five, or even six, ready to start with the rapidity of an electrical despatch. Yesterday I had an impression that the Americans make the street move; to-day it seems to me they make the floor fly. As for the staircases, they show their naked marble, where no one ever sets foot except the servants—accidentally. The servants have their own elevator. On the walls of the corridors, just as on those of the least pretentious rooms, are fantastic apparatus designed to convey the continuing ascent of the floor, and to give you the feeling, if you live on the fourteenth, that you are on the first."

THE LIFE INSIDE

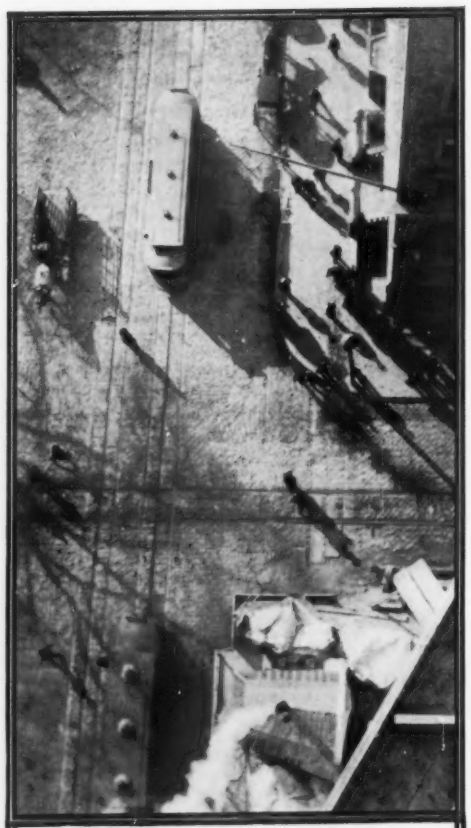
For New Yorkers this strange conglomeration of gigantic structures, the like of which is unknown outside of America, means merely "down town." Incidentally it means shady streets and a bizarre skyline. Incidentally, too, it means millions of people, millions of dollars, millions of miseries, of airy hopes, humdrum existences and bottomless tragedies. The daily life and activity of some of the most thriving smaller cities is equalled by one alone of these human beehives. Take almost any one of the toppling multiform structures that have lately sprung up in New York. Of regular tenants it has some four or five thousand. According to the estimates of the elevator men, who all day long whisk their human carloads up and down the dizzy shafts, no less than 50,000 persons pass daily in and out. All the offices have special telephone connection. The daily aggregate of their telephone calls exceeds two hundred thousand. More than a half million letters drop in an endless downfall through the mail chutes indispensable to each building. In other respects each building, under its own roof, affords to its tenants all the conveniences and more of a good-sized town. There are telegraph and messenger offices, express offices, safe deposit vaults, banking offices, libraries, restaurants, bar and billiard-rooms, stock tickers, barbers' shops and baths, physicians, dentists, druggists, stenographers, tailors, haberdashers, stationers, tobacconists, bootblacks, and all manner of agencies and special wares, from automobiles, typewriting machines, sporting goods, with coal and transportation, down to theatre tickets and flowers. Truly, there would seem to be no need of any occupant ever crossing the street, the more so since the newest buildings practically contain hotel and club accommodations, such as private rooms and bedchambers. Fresh air can be had in the outdoor roof gardens on the tops of some of the buildings.

No wonder the average metropolitan takes pride in his skyscrapers and scouts the notion that their uncompromising outlines are aught but impressive. No matter what æsthetic arguments may be urged against them, so much is certain, that there are few fairy spectacles like the tall scintillations seen by night from the waters of New York Harbor or from the dark shrubberies of Central Park; nor can the low roofs of Brooklyn and of the Jersey shore compare in architectural interest to the broken skyline of the giant city.

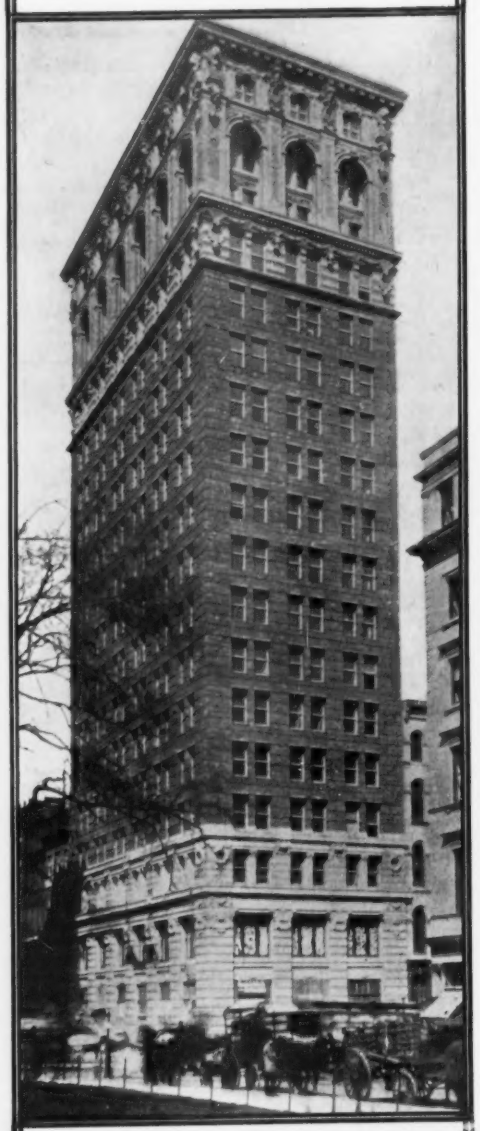
AN INNOVATION IN ARCHITECTURE

The development of the skyscraper is justly regarded as the most brilliant chapter in American architecture. It has given the lie to the old reproach that American attempts at art are essentially imitative. Now this native product is finding imitators in the Old World, notably at Budapesth and in Japan. In America the men that are rearing these toppling structures are practically rebuilding the biggest cities of the United States.

The origin of the skyscraper is traced back to two events—the invention of the passenger elevator and the Chicago fire. Previous to this the business portion of New York, or "down town," as it is called, had become greatly overcrowded. The community could expand as a whole, but certain members of it could not move away. Lawyers must remain within easy reach of the courts, brokers must be close to the Stock Exchange, and newspapers prefer to hug the vicinity of the post-office. When the great dry goods firms of New York, after years of hesitation, moved one mile further up town, it was considered a perilous experiment. For the others, hemmed in on all sides, there was no way out but up. Yet to build further stories above the sixth appeared useless, since few customers would climb up to them. Then it was that the new device of the passenger elevator brought a ray of hope. Hoisted by slow windlasses at first, it was materially improved in 1866 by having steam power applied to it. Then came hydraulic pressure, and at last electricity. With the perfection of the elevator the unclaimed space above the costly ground floors was brought within easy reach. The speculative value of real estate and rents rose in proportion. One of the early eight-story buildings of New York showed what might be expected. It was finished in 1868, and the manager let out a suit of offices on the top floor for $850 a year. Next year the rent was raised to $1,250, and thinking that the limit the manager signed a five-year lease. During the following four years he had to refuse more promising offers, which rose gradually to $4,500, the figure at which the offices were rented on the expiration of the lease. Lots that were worth twenty-five dollars a square foot rose to forty, sixty and seventy-five. Within a generation some of these same lots brought as much as $250 per square foot, and $1,000 for front foot. With this steady rise of values capitalists felt drawn toward the construction of tall buildings



LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWN UPON THE INTERSECTION OF BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET, FROM THE TENTH STORY



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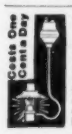

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In Chicago the great fire of 1871 forced property owners to rebuild their city from the ground up. Past experience with rising values made the need of greater capacity obvious. They hoped to raise their new buildings so high that their capacity would keep pace with the rising values of the future. The first high structures, which rose from eight to eleven stories, only served to increase the demand for this novelty, and henceforth Chicago took the lead in the solution of skyscraping problems.

THE AGE OF IRON

During the first decade the architects reared their structures on the old plan, with heavy walls of solid masonry supporting the superstructure. With each superadded story the walls had to be increased, until what was gained in space above was lost below. A building put up in those days, it has been estimated, contained enough masonry to supply half a dozen modern skyscrapers. Then came the introduction of metal in the form of steel floor beams or cast-iron pillars. The pillars, while just as strong, were so much lighter than the solid supporting walls that soon it came to be recognized that in steel construction lay the true solution of the tall building problem. Then the engineer was called in to aid the architect. Before long he either supplanted the architect, or both of their functions were filled by a happy combination of the modern engineer and architect. In some cases the architect turned engineer, in others the engineer took up architecture, or again firms were formed of which one leading member was an architect, while the other was an engineer.

After a few years of experimenting in this direction this question took definite shape: Why not let the ironwork carry the walls as well as the floors? The solution was a mere problem of mechanical engineering with such pretty side problems as the mathematical calculation of wind pressure at high altitudes. The plan was tried in a tentative manner in New York in 1881 and within a year or so in a whole building in Chicago. To whom belongs the credit for the first practical experiment with the so-called cage structure is still a subject of angry debate in the columns of architectural and engineering journals. Whoever may have been the pioneer in this field he did not lack in followers. Within a few years the steel cage was everywhere adopted as the only profitable method of high construction on a narrow foundation. Steel took the place of iron, hot rivets closed the connection and secured perfect rigidity. The walls became mere veneer panels to protect the interior from weather and fire. Each wall supported nothing but its own weight, so that it became possible to put up the wall from the top down, as in compartmented ships, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. After this methods of construction became easy and cheapened in proportion. The cost of construction went down from five dollars to thirty-five cents per cubic foot. The speed of building was materially increased. By dint of increasing night work buildings seem to spring up in an incredibly short time. First, a chaotic shell of iron and terra cotta, open to the winds of heaven, like a gaunt and gigantic skeleton, the skyscraper rises like a child's house of cards, slowly, with stately completeness toward the sky.

JUGGLING TONS OF STONE

Day by day and week by week the work progresses. Men, women and children stop and marvel at the rapidity and apparent ease with which the huge iron girders are swung into position, the wonderful accuracy with which the masonry is put in place, and, above all, at the imposing height to which the finished building towers above the pygmies who planned and raised it.

A structure which has recently been erected at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, New York, is a good type of the modern office building. It has a fifty-foot front and is eighteen stories high, rising two hundred and twenty-five feet above the curb. It was built in about ten months, at a cost of seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

The surprising rapidity with which such buildings are brought to completion is due largely to the fact that a good proportion of the work is done in the shops, and the actual erection of the structure is like putting the parts of a toy block-house together, except that it is of a more complicated nature and is on a larger scale. Illustrative of this modern method is the fact that, although nearly two thousand tons of steel girders and beams were required for the framework of this building and thirty-eight thousand rivets were used in fastening them together, so complete and accurate was the work of the men in the shops that less than twenty-five holes were drilled in the metal-work after its arrival at the point of construction.

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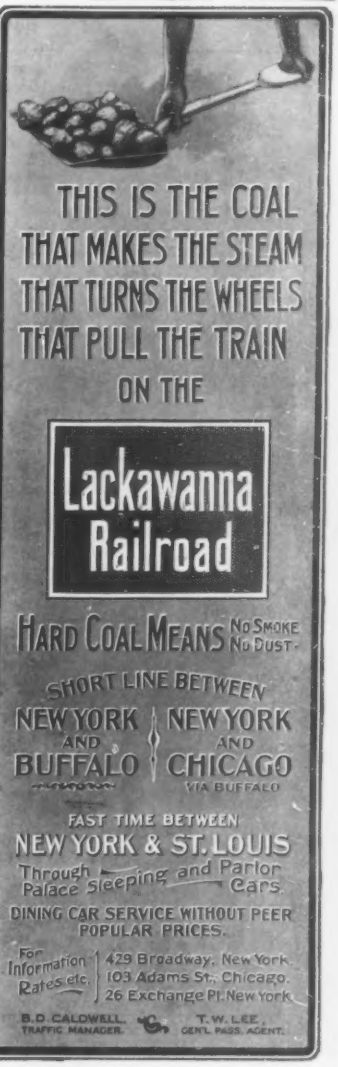

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bed rock they have devised a floating "raft" of steel and concrete to lie flat on the shifting sands far below the surface level. On this they build with such carefully balanced distribution of weight that when the whole structure of twenty or more stories settles the raft sinks plumb. Some twenty different trades participate in the work done on the site of the building, exclusive of the factory labor. They are as follows, each representing a classified labor organization: Common laborers, masons, iron setters, plasterers, carpenters, ornamental iron workers, elevator constructors, boiler makers, steamfitters, plumbers, tile layers, marble setters, glaziers, painters, varnishers, electricians, coppersmiths, roofers and granite setters.

THE SKYSCRAPER AND LABOR

No wonder that eighty per cent of the total cost of construction of a modern skyscraper is for labor alone. The total income from the original investment of nearly a million dollars hardly exceeds three per cent per annum. So closely has the financial problem been figured out that a competent real estate expert, interested in a skyscraper project, can tell offhand not only the value of ground per square foot, the proper cost of construction per cubic foot, but the cost of maintenance and amount of yearly rent as well per square foot. Assuming a certain number of stories, he multiplies the rentable space on the ground plan by the number of stories and that result by the market rate per square foot of rents paid in the neighborhood. From this he subtracts the cost of maintenance to get at the income, which he compares with the interest on the cost of the ground and of the projected building. If the two figures balance in favor of the investment, a way out of deficit is to add a story, provided that does not disproportionately increase the expense. This calculation has all the beauties of perpetual motion, or of the proverbial basket of unlaid eggs, since the possibilities of reaching still more dizzy altitudes appear as yet limitless. The buildings can go up as high as the elevators, and they can be forced up any distance. And so ad infinitum. On the other side of the picture are a few disturbing factors. One is the apparent inclination of legislators to curb the ambitions of the skyscraping engineer-architect by repressive laws. Another is that competition in this field has become so irrepressible that, do what you will, the rental value of your building is bound to deteriorate with each successive year. The most alarming consideration, perhaps, is the inevitable corrosion of the metal-work contained within each building. Granted that steel and iron will corrode, there follows the startling query—when will come the collapse?

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

THE NAVY HELPS A MAIL STEAMER

(SEE PAGE 3)

HE WHO ENTERS for the first time the engine-room of an ocean liner going at full speed in a heavy head sea is apt to be not only astonished but awed by what he sees and hears down in that throbbing machine shop far below the water-line.

The first thing that impresses the visitor is the noise, caused by the incessant "thrashing"—no other word so fitly expresses it—of the ponderous engines; the next is the irregular motion of them, resulting from the pitching and "scending" of the steamer. For several minutes, perhaps, the big engine will revolve smoothly at what seems to be its highest rate of speed, then, when the ship's stern is suddenly lifted by a big wave, throwing the propeller out of the solid water, the engine races for a few seconds at a speed that makes the ship tremble from keel to waterway and from stem to stern, threatening destruction to every particle of machinery in the engine-room.

It was at just such a moment as this that the unexpected happened on board the American line steamship *St. Paul*, at eight o'clock on the night of October 31. Steaming westward at something like fifteen knots an hour, against a gale from that quarter, and pitching into an ugly head sea, the officers and passengers were startled by a terrific jar, followed by heavy pounding; not as if the steamer had struck head-on, but, as one passenger described it, "as if the ship's stern was being pounded to pieces by a huge trip hammer."

Not more than thirty seconds elapsed before the noise ceased, thanks to the bravery of First Assistant Engineer John Anderson, who risked his life to reach the throttle and shut off the steam; but in that brief period the *St. Paul's* starboard tail shaft had broken, her propeller had dropped overboard, the broken shaft, in its descent, wrenching open the mouth of the sleeve in which it works. The great engine, relieved of the strain of the propeller, ran so fast that it tore itself loose from the bed plates, wrecking four of the six cylinders before it could be stopped.

In order that the nature of such an accident may be made clear it is necessary to understand that in these days of modern marine machinery the speed of a mail-carrying ocean steamer is largely determined by the number of revolu-

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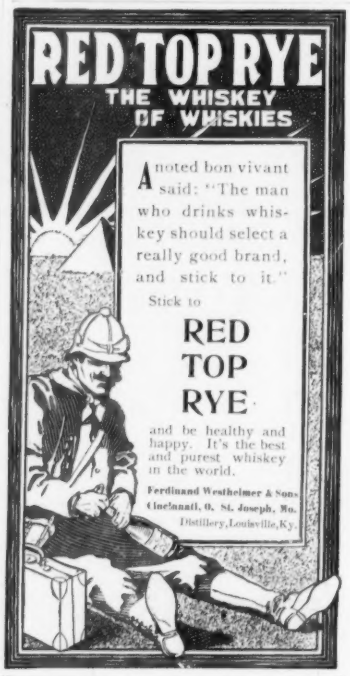

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tions per minute of her propellers. These are faithfully recorded, automatically, in the engine-room and the pilot house by a counter attached to the shaft. When the revolutions fall below the standard required, the engineer is politely reminded by the captain or officer of the watch that more steam is needed.

So, no matter how hard it blows, or how high the sea is running—excepting, of course, in a hurricane—the working pressure of about 200 pounds of steam must be kept up, and the steamship driven on her course at a speed varying from, say fifteen knots in a gale, to twenty or twenty-one knots in smooth water. This latter speed means that the giant propellers—each of them twenty-one feet in diameter, and bolted to the end of what is known as the tail shaft—are being driven about eighty revolutions per minute.

Just as long as the propeller works in solid water, its revolutions are regular, but the moment a vacuum is created by the wheel leaving the water it begins to move faster, or technically speaking, to "race." Although contrivances called "automatic cut-offs," to shut off the steam at critical moments like this, are fitted to all large steamers, they generally fail to prove effective in a very heavy sea, for the reason that, no matter how quickly the steam is shut off, enough of it has already passed into the cylinders to drive the shaft quite a number of revolutions.

The *St. Paul* holds the speed record of the American line fleet from Southampton to New York. It was made in August, 1896. From the Needles to Sandy Hook Lightship the distance is 3,046.1 knots, and she covered it in six days and thirty-one minutes, her average speed being 21.08 knots. Her daily runs were: 493.1, 524, 516.9, 521.1, 530.8, and 456.2 knots.

She was built at Cramps' shipyard on the banks of the Delaware, and launched in 1895. Six thousand tons of steel were used in the construction of the hull alone, to say nothing of the weight of ten boilers containing thirteen miles of tubing, and the great quadruple expansion engines of 20,000 horsepower. Her chief dimensions are: Length, 560 feet; beam, 63 feet; no mal draught, 26 feet. Her displacement at this draught is 16,000 tons; her registered tonnage 11,600. Each propeller is driven by an independent set of engines, separated from the other by a longitudinal bulkhead. The main engines have three low-pressure cylinders, each 77 inches in diameter; two high-pressure cylinders of 55 inches, and one intermediate cylinder of 28½ inches diameter.

The *St. Paul* was recently dry-docked by permission of the government at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where sufficient repairs were made to permit her to proceed to the Cramps' shipyard, where she is now being repaired. The damage is estimated at $200,000.

J. C. SUMMERS.

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LITTLE WILLIE—"This paper says, Mr. Othello Smithers received an ovation. What does that mean?"

Father—"The word ovation, my son, is derived from the Latin ova, which means an egg. Ovation means a shower of eggs."

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

"ALL the world's a stage, Sam, and the men and women merely players."

"Yes, massa, but if dat's so, whar yo' gwine to git yo' audience and orchestry?"

THE DOCTOR LAUGHED.

But the Woman Was Frightened.

A physician of Columbus, Ga., rather poked fun at a lady patient who insisted she had heart disease.

The trouble really was caused by injuries from the effects of coffee drinking, and the nerves were so affected that it gave her every indication of heart disease. This is true of thousands of people who are badly hurt by the caffeine of coffee, and it is understood that if continued long enough, real organic heart disease will set in.

The lady referred to above is Mrs. C. V. Irvin, 1010 B Street, East Highland, Columbus, Ga. She says: "I had been running down in health for a number of years and suspected that coffee was hurting me, but could not get my consent to quit it. My heart troubled me so that I was very short of breath, and could do little or nothing that required exertion. I had fearful nervous headaches nearly every day, and was exceedingly nervous with indigestion and badly constipated. The doctor laughed at my idea of heart trouble, but knew that I was in a serious condition generally. Finally I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee. This was about four months ago and the change has been wonderful. I feel like another person. My heart does not trouble me at all, and the stomach and nerves are decidedly improved. My head does not give me the old trouble it did, while the bowels are regular without any purgatives or medicine of any kind.

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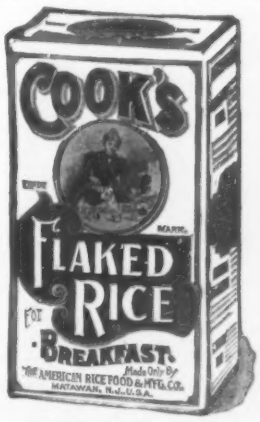

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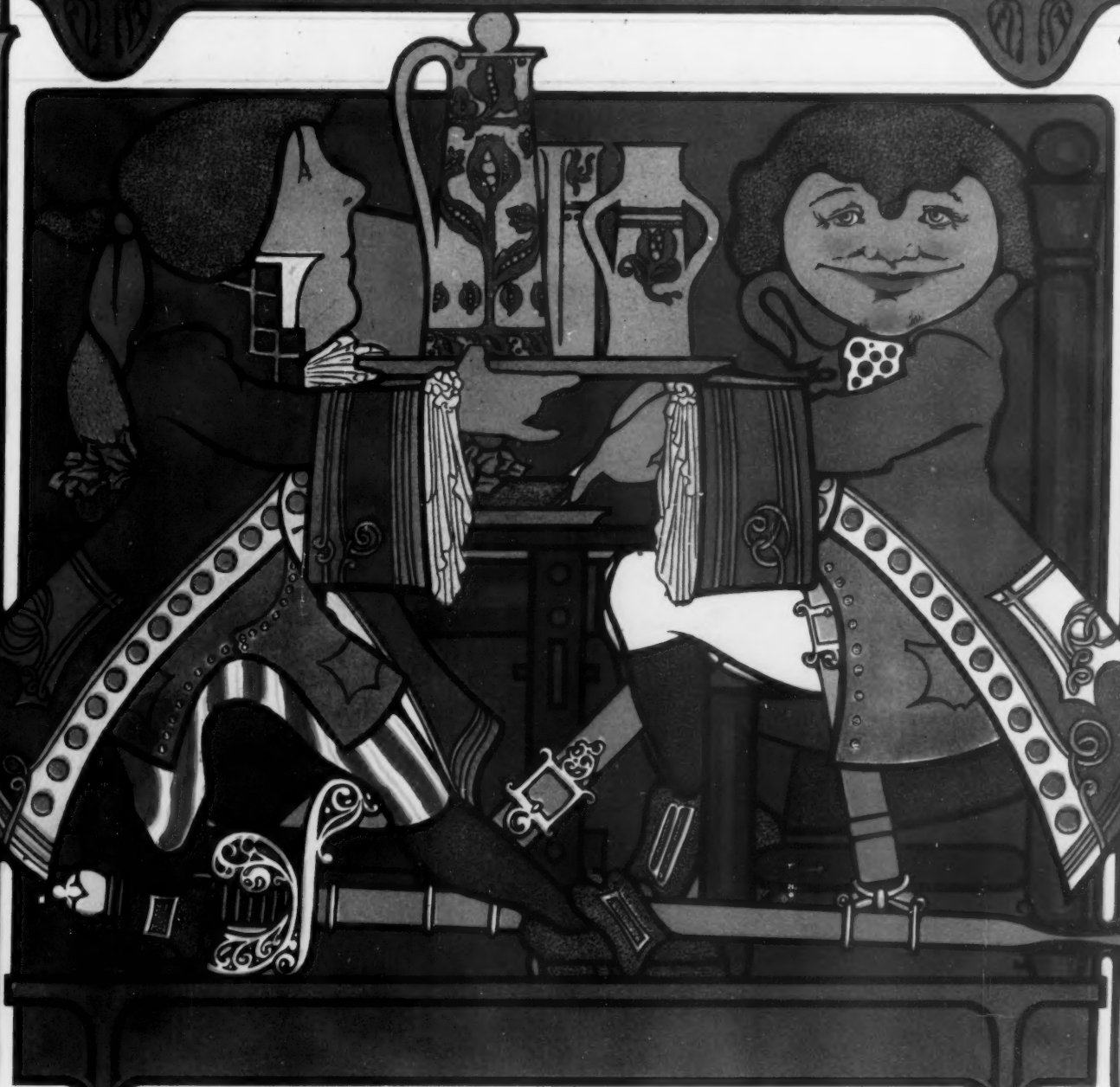

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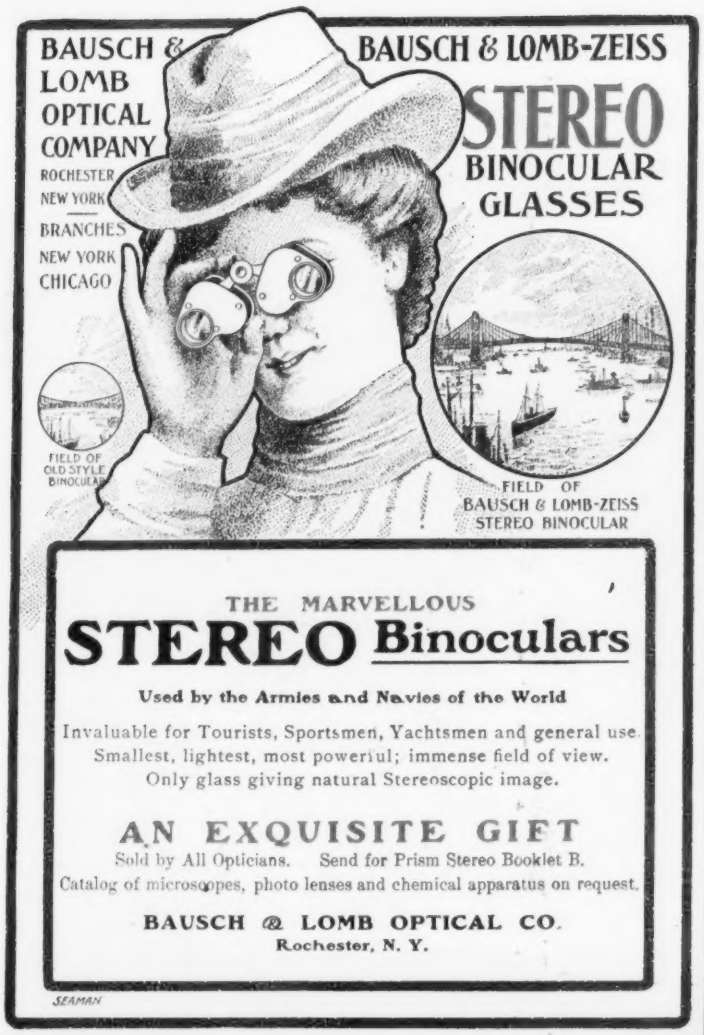
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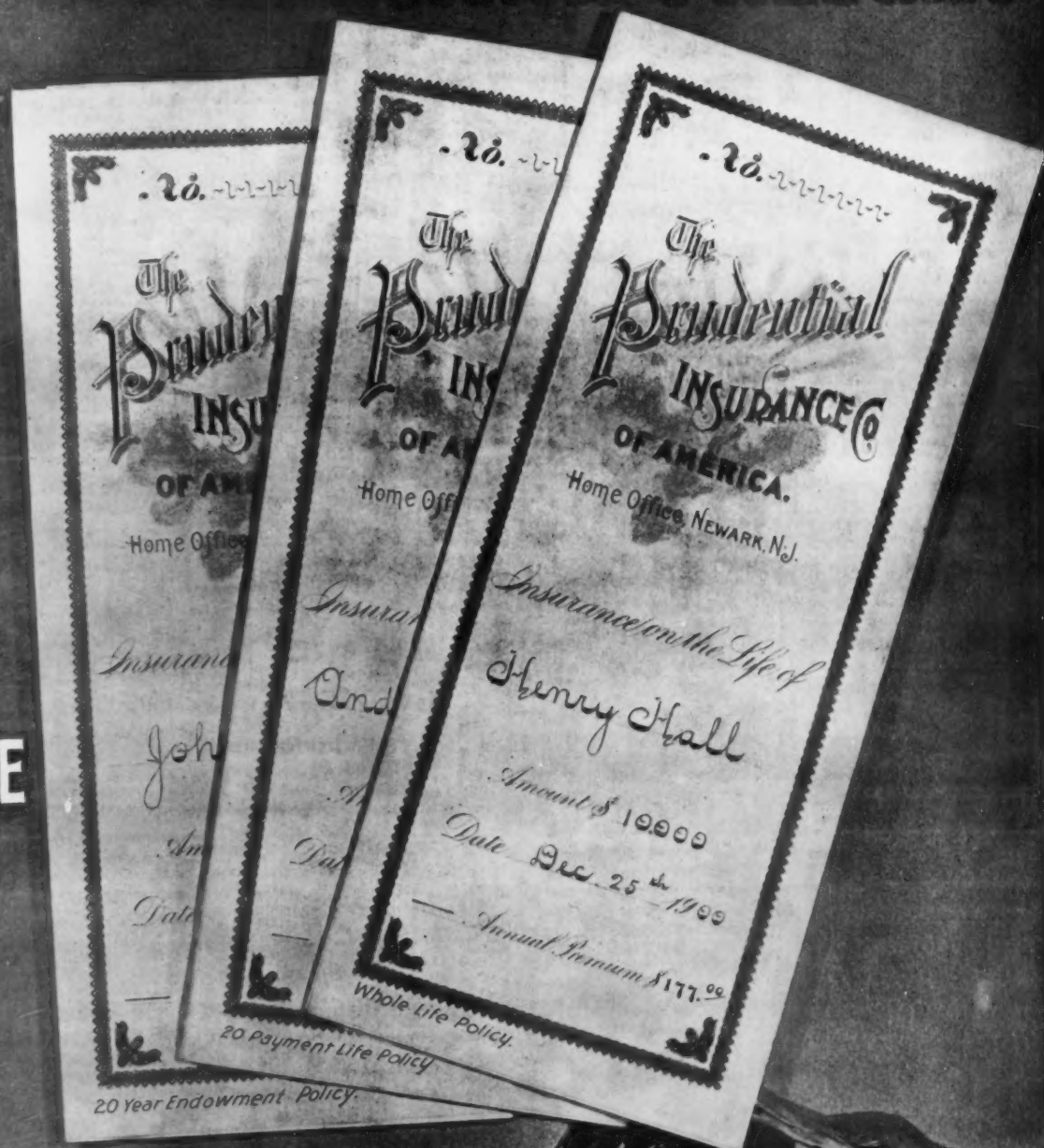

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John F. Dryden, President. HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N.J.

A Christmas Dance in Dixie

By FRANK L. STANTON

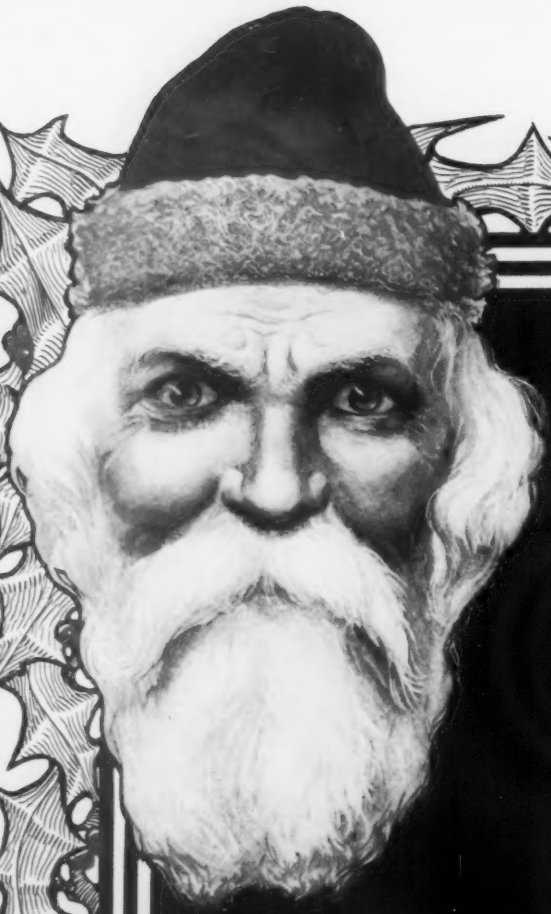
BR'ER ABRAM, take dat fiddle en chune de ol' strings right;
Dey sandin' er de cabin flo' fer dancin' Cris'mus night.
En put some rozzum on dat bow, en let de music roll;
Fer de gals is comin' down de road lak' glory in yo' soul!

EN HEAH come Sister Mandy—stan' dar en take yo' place:
Dey ain't no lady in de lan' got sich a shiny face!
Br'er Rufus is yo' pa'tner: his foots kin kiver groun'!
Dey ain't no one kin beat him a-swingin' gals eroun'!

STRIKE up de ol'-time chune now—pat foot, en swing yo' head!
De chune dat makes de quadrille: en den play "Short'nin' Bread!"
En come in, Sister Sarah; han's 'roun', en take yo' chance!
De preacher's in a fidget, en de deacon's in de dance!

HAN'S 'roun'! en swing yo' pa'tners! Up ter de centre walk!
(De goodness en de gracious!—but don't dat fiddle talk!)
De preacher will be wid us fo' de night's out—I be boun'!
De ol' flo's des a-creakin', en de room's a-gwine 'roun'!

COME IN—des ever'body—dar's room enough fer all!
Dance 'twell de winders trimble, en shake de roof en wall!
En put mo' rozzum on dat bow, en let de music roll;
Fer dis heah time is Cris'mus, en it's glory in yo' soul!



Old Santa Claus was grumpy—
He'd come with Christmas chimes:
But found the men so modern,
He felt behind the times.

How did he get in fashion?
He didn't moan and mope,
But quickly shaved his whiskers
With —

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

Have you a friend discouraged,
And would you give him hope?
Put in his Christmas stocking,
Some Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Soaps
have for sixty years been the only recognized standard for shaving, and in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Shaving Cream, etc., are sold by druggists and perfumers all over the world.

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